

Américas

MAY

1984

TENTH CONFERENCE REPORT

from Caracas

Homemade STEEL FOR COLOMBIA

GOLD IN THE SOUTH

A Chilean Short Story

Ancient CIVILIZATIONS ON PARADE

Announcing AMERICAS PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

25

cents

*Rigging crane at Puerto
Agudelo to unload equipment
for Colombia's steel mill
(see page 9)*





Américas

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Dear Reader

On May 1, the education division of the Pan American Union will start perusing student applications from Latin America to choose this year's winner of the Leo S. Rowe Memorial Fellowship for study at the University of Pennsylvania. Offered by the Pan American Society of the United States, the fellowship was made possible chiefly through the generosity of Dr. Frederick Hasler, a former president of the group. It was established five years ago in honor of Dr. Rowe, who was Director General of the Pan American Union for more than twenty years and also a professor at the University of Pennsylvania. The \$1,500 one-year scholarship is awarded annually, offering Latin American graduate students further opportunity to study political science, economics, public administration, or the social sciences, in the United States. The initial selection of applicants by the Pan American Union, of course, is subject to the approval of both the Pan American Society and the University.

To qualify, a student must be a national of one of the Latin American member countries of the Organization of American States; must have a degree equivalent to a Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science, with an outstanding academic record in one of the fields mentioned above; and must satisfy the entrance requirements for graduate students at the University of Pennsylvania. Preference is extended to those who have never had an opportunity to study abroad and to those who have mastered English sufficiently to pursue their studies in that language. Fellows requiring a special orientation course in English must pay for it themselves.

With the idea of spreading the benefits of the scholarship throughout the Americas, a student from a different country has been chosen every year. So far, students have come from Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Mexico, and Peru.

The students must pay for their own trips to the States and back, and should make provision for the tuition fees of about \$780 for the nine-month academic year, since the \$1,500 of the fellowship is sufficient to cover little more than living expenses and book costs. But for those things they may take advantage of the Leo S. Rowe Pan American Fund. This loan fund, which is unrelated to the memorial fellowship, was established under the terms of Dr. Rowe's will, and is administered by the PAU education division. It was designed to help Latin American students wishing to study in the United States.

Fellowship applicants can secure an application blank from the education division. This should be returned with a copy of their academic record, three letters of recommendation from people acquainted with their academic and professional careers, a certificate of proficiency in English from a U. S. diplomatic officer, and two photographs. Those received by May 1, 1955, will be considered for the academic year 1955-56.


Secretary General

Opposite: AMERICAS Photography Contest \$100 Grand Prize Winner: "Silver Miners," by Michael Kosinski, best entry from Mexico (see page 24)

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

Railroad Progress

Completion of the international railroad from Corumbá, Brazil, on the Paraguay River, through 406 miles of largely unexplored territory to Santa Cruz, Bolivia, is a significant and long-awaited construction achievement. This new link forms part of a projected chain to join the Atlantic and Pacific ports of Santos, Brazil, and Arica, Chile. It is now possible to go by train from Santos to Santa Cruz, 2,470 miles away, except for a gap at the Rio Grande in Bolivia, where passengers and freight must be transferred by launch. Bids have been called for on construction of a bridge there. The track will eventually be extended from Santa Cruz to Cochabamba, to tie in with the existing Bolivian main lines. Construction of the new stretch was supervised by a Joint Brazilian-Bolivian Commission.

Santa Cruz is the center of a fertile and potentially rich agricultural area that has so far been little developed because of lack of transportation to the cities of the Bolivian altiplano or elsewhere. A highway to Cochabamba, built under Export-Import Bank sponsorship, is now nearly completed.

A recently concluded trade agreement calls for Bolivia to sell Brazil \$1,000,000 worth of tin concentrates, lead worth \$600,000, \$1,500,000 worth of rubber, and \$400,000 worth of sulphur. In turn, Brazil will sell Bolivia sugar to the tune of \$1,800,000, rice worth \$200,000, and \$100,000 each in rayon fibers, cotton textiles, and chemicals.

The international railway will also give Bolivia access to such Brazilian products as tea, wool, silk, and electrical equipment, and will bring Bolivian copper, zinc, silver, borax, and caustic soda to Brazilian markets. More important, perhaps, it will give oil-hungry Brazil a chance to use Bolivian petroleum. The two countries plan joint development of the Bolivian sub-Andean oilfields, with Brazil providing the necessary steel.

Brazil furnished a large part of the rails for the new line from the output of the big Volta Redonda steel mill. On the Brazilian section east of Corumbá, it is reported, Indians whose tribes gave up territory for the right of way, who are entitled to free passage on the line, have been having the time of their lives trying out the wonders of the iron horse.

Most of Bolivia's foreign trade is now carried by the two railroads linking La Paz to the Chilean ports of Antofagasta and Arica. There is also direct rail service to Buenos Aires via La Quiaca, and steamer service across Lake Titicaca connects with the Southern Railway of Peru at Puno. Another line to Santa Cruz and the prospective oilfields is under construction from the Argentine border at Yacuiba.

In its 3,289,440 square miles, Brazil now has 23,150 miles of railroads to serve its approximately fifty-five million people. Of the total, 17,400 miles of track is government-owned. With a little more than three million people in a territory of 419,470 square miles, Bolivia has 1,456 miles of railroads (not counting the new line), 634 miles of it government-owned.

U. S. Foreign Aid

From the end of World War II down to June 30, 1953, the United States spent nearly 45.5 billion dollars on aid of all types—military, economic, and technical—to other countries that make up a large part of the rest of the world. Of this sum (which includes Export-Import Bank credits), approximately 34.3 billion went to Europe, 8.3 billion to eastern Asia and the Pacific area, 1.2 billion to Latin America, half a billion to Africa and the Near East, and 1.1 billion to other areas.

Limiting the picture to U. S. technical-assistance funds (not including OAS and UN technical-cooperation programs), the total allotted to Latin America in the three fiscal years from July 1, 1950, through June 30, 1953, came to 49.9 million dollars, distributed as follows:

Bolivia	\$3,520,000	Haiti	\$2,001,000
Brazil	7,776,000	Honduras	1,815,000
Chile	2,895,000	Mexico	2,009,000
Colombia	2,138,000	Nicaragua	1,640,000
Costa Rica	2,732,000	Panama	2,703,000
Cuba	469,000	Paraguay	3,735,000
Dominican Republic	718,000	Peru	5,341,000
Ecuador	3,108,000	Uruguay	1,008,000
El Salvador	1,514,000	Venezuela	496,000
Guatemala	699,000	Regional Projects	3,605,000

To meet expenses of the bilateral technical-assistance programs in the present fiscal year, the Foreign Operations Administration budgeted 24.3 million dollars. Under agreements between the United States and other American republics, these programs are financed to a considerable extent by contributions from the countries benefited. During 1952 and 1953 the other countries' share of costs was 55.6 and 57.8 per cent, respectively.

The principal aim of the U. S. technical-cooperation program in Latin America is to help the participating countries achieve progressive and balanced economic development. To this end, the common efforts are concentrated on two broad and interrelated objectives: to increase per capita productivity and the number of specialized workers by means of health, educational, and housing programs; and to boost total production through the application of selected programs in agriculture, industry, natural resources utilization, power and fuel, and transportation, as well as through courses on the technique of public administration.

The 1954 program emphasized agricultural and public-health projects. Of the total U. S. contribution of about \$24,000,000, roughly 39.5 per cent went for cooperative work in agriculture and 18.5 per cent for public health and sanitation. Education drew 10.9 per cent, with another 10 per cent for specialized training in the various fields. Industry, mining, and labor got 7.9 per cent; technical service in public administration, 4.2 per cent; transportation, power, and communications, 3.7 per cent; and housing and community development, 1 per cent, with the remainder covering domestic costs of the programs. The total figure does not include the special emergency economic aid to Bolivia, under which \$8,000,000 worth of surplus wheat and flour from Commodity Credit Corporation stocks and four million dollars for other supplies were authorized.



Reporters jot down proceedings at Inter-American Conference in Caracas

10th conference report

Alberto Lleras

THE CLIMATE OF OPINION that preceded the opening of the Tenth Inter-American Conference was not marked by the traditional anxiety that had surrounded almost all the nine previous meetings. There was good reason for this. The Ninth Conference, which met in Bogotá in 1948, had taken a sensational step forward by establishing the rules for inter-American relations. The Tenth had no authority to correct the Charter of the Organization. Nor was notable progress to be expected. Pan Americanism has its own rhythm, and for every bold movement toward greater Hemisphere solidarity there is a period of caution, of doubts, sometimes even of repentance. We have been living in such a period since the daring days of Chapultepec, Rio de Janeiro, and Bogotá. The agenda for the Caracas meeting indicated very clearly that the Conference would be an act of faith in what has been achieved up to now, but certainly not the beginning of a new offensive aiming toward more complete interdependence.

Until the United States proposed including the subject of the intervention of international communism in the Hemisphere, it seemed evident that the Conference would be merely the ordinary meeting of the great Pan American congress to examine the situation, repair certain flaws in the structure of the organization, and formulate promises of joint action, in terms similar to those adopted by earlier meetings. Even after this topic was included in the agenda, it was hard to see how a resolution in this field could go beyond the categorical declarations of the Meeting of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs in Washington a few weeks after the invasion of South Korea.

The economic problems, however, were always present. A series of special meetings of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, and the Meeting of Consultation itself, had examined them, without reaching agreement on the way to state them. The Economic Agreement of Bogotá had died for lack of ratification, besieged by

many reservations that had upset the equilibrium of the difficult negotiations carried on in the nervous atmosphere of the Ninth Conference. But a series of circumstances unfavorable to the raw-material-producing countries—which principally affected Latin America's copper, tin, and wool—and the threat of restrictions on the importation of other products to the United States made it seem likely that Caracas would be principally an economic conference. For months, several Foreign Ministries had been expecting that.

A reading of the one hundred and seven resolutions, recommendations, and votes, and the three conventions approved, does not bear out any of the predictions. Nor does it give a very precise idea of what the Conference was. From the volume of topics, you would think that the main interest was in cultural affairs. Nor would you deduce from the literal significance of the resolutions that the Conference had been so predominantly political as it turned out to be. Only the discussions, direct observation of the atmosphere that surrounded them, the process of each phrase, and the omissions that history will never record can serve as a guide to tell whether the Tenth Conference was, as some of us believe, as important and decisive as the earlier ones, or, as others think, a routine meeting in a world in which there are two or three like it every week. The margin for subjective evaluation is very wide. Nevertheless, I have not heard any of the delegations say anything that implies disillusionment, skepticism about the future of the inter-American system, or bitterness. And none emerged victorious in all of its points of view. All of which seems to indicate that the New World has learned the lesson of international democracy.

The physical surroundings in which the Conference took place were particularly pleasant. Caracas is one of the great capitals of Latin America. It was hardly that a few years ago. The old city, more than once shaken from its colonial foundations by the fury of earthquakes, abandoned for long periods because of the spite of jealous dictators, had little to offer aside from its marvelous location among the hills, in a valley with a delightful climate at the foot of the Avila ridge. In recent years, and especially the last two, the transformation has been prodigious. The city lives in an atmosphere of material creation that is barely paralleled by the dizzy growth of São Paulo, or of the cities of the U. S. Midwest and Far West at the beginning of this century. Those who last saw Caracas six months ago do not recognize it now. Everywhere broad avenues, cutting through the little houses of dirt, adobe, or brick, have changed the face of the city as if by plastic surgery. The university campus, erected on a site that until a few months ago was farm land, is the culmination of this change. Everything there is cement. Not shamefaced cement, but proud, bare cement, transformed into the noble material of our times.

The main auditorium of the University, where the first plenary sessions and the final one were held, is the masterpiece of this group of gray blocks, illuminated here and there by the burning colors of incrustated mosaics. The public gallery, above the delegates' heads, seems balanced in the air, which circulates gently and keeps the



Political-Juridical Committee members concentrate on a speech. In center, Chairman Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa, Nicaraguan Ambassador to the United States and OAS



Above: The Committee on Economic Matters meets. In center, Chairman Miguel Angel Campa y Caraveda, Cuban Minister of State



Left: Venezuelan President Marcos Pérez Jiménez greets Foreign Minister Vicente Ráo of Brazil



*Nicaraguan viewpoint
is expressed by
delegate Sevilla Sacasa*



*Chiefs of delegations
onstage for the start
of the Conference*

forms of the large sound reflectors floating. There is something Martian, extraterrestrial, and hazardous in this anti-conventional structure, but it suits its purpose like nothing on earth. It is particularly appropriate for a meeting of people from a new world involved in an experience that has no precedent or tradition outside of this young part of the globe.

The committees met in vast halls barely separated from the landscape outside by large panes of glass, or in spacious rooms partitioned off in the library; a horseshoe made of splendid unvarnished Venezuelan woods served as the discussion table. Everywhere you could hear well, in four languages; you could see well; you were comfortable. There was neither great heat nor intense cold. Nor was there a rigid time schedule or overtime work, except in the last days of the political committee. A constant stream of documents, always emptying out where they were needed, kept the delegates alert. From any point, without

much effort, you could see Avila Mountain changing color from morning to dusk. From the towers of the library, you could look down on Caracas, with its white houses almost hidden by big mango trees, and the hills, which impatient real-estate developers were slicing and remaking amid clouds of dust that rose to the tremulous sky. In the seats reserved for the public there were women wearing dark glasses. Sometimes the Ambassadors, toasted by the sun of the swimming pool, also wore them. At times the scene suggested a large casino. The landscape was present everywhere. The same landscape, as some orators reminded us, that the agile Liberator had traveled over in his childhood.

The great debate took place in connection with the resolution on communist infiltration. However, when Committee I—Juridical-Political Matters—reached this question, the way had been cleared by the speeches at the plenary session, in which, following a tradition of inter-

(Continued on page 41)

THE LITTLE PRINCE

Julio Lanza^{ro}tti

Archeological "find" recently unearthed at summit of El Plomo Mountain in Chile: small Inca child and objects found with him



FOR THIRTY YEARS Guillermo Chacón searched for a silver mine in the trackless wilds of the Andean cordillera, and in the end he found the body of a little Indian boy frozen by five centuries of ice. The result was somewhat disillusioning for explorer Chacón, who received only forty-five thousand pesos for his find, but it means much more than a silver mine to the country's archeologists and anthropologists, who had nothing like it in their museums.

The cadaver of the Inca child turned up on a flat section of the summit of El Plomo Mountain, twenty-five miles from Santiago. It was a belated epilogue to what an old guide had told Guillermo Chacón back in 1924: "In this hill there is a very rich silver mine. Search for it as long as you have breath. Don't let up."

Many Chileans have the souls of miners, and Chacón, a man of the people, was tempted by the lure of gold, or in this case, silver. Year after year, whenever he could abandon his regular work, he went into the mountains with two friends, on foot or on muleback, and began the exhausting and dangerous six-hour ascent. When he reached the top, he would dig around some stone walls he had discovered there.

Once, in 1930, he found some objects of wrought silver. He became convinced that if there wasn't a mine there, at least there must be a "treasure"—a cache of jewels, money, or other valuable objects hidden for one reason or another.

Prospector Chacón kept on searching, but luck evaded him. Bad weather, the difficulties of the ascent, and repeated failure discouraged his friends. One soon died and the other crossed the cordillera into Argentina. Chacón was alone, but his enthusiasm did not abate, even though he had to remain inactive for many years. It was difficult to find helpers to look for a possible "treasure" on the top of El Plomo—17,710 feet up, with the temperature almost always below freezing, far from any town, reached by a steep and treacherous climb in which one false step could mean death.

Time passed, but Chacón did not give up his ambition, and finally he found two men he could trust to accompany him in the undertaking. He led them to the flat top of El Plomo and showed them the stone walls.

"I have excavated here," he explained, "and there's just a little further to go. Now you dig, because there must be something here." He could not dig himself, because he had lost his right hand in the blasting of a mine shortly before.

The lads began the job, but a snowstorm and high wind soon prevented them from going on. They had to return empty-handed, but Chacón talked away their discouragement and urged them to go back another time.

So the calendar arrived at February 1954, just as Guillermo Chacón turned eighty. With nearly a century on his shoulders, and minus one hand, small and ruddy, stuttering a little, bothered by almost constant hiccoughs, he began the trip to El Plomo on muleback, with picks and shovels and with the secret hope that this time he would find something. When they abandoned the mules to make the final ascent on foot, his two friends, in a

spontaneous tribute to his age, refused to let him go on to the summit. So the old prospector waited halfway up, at a point known as "the numbered rock." At the end of the day he saw his friends coming down with the cadaver of the Inca prince. Instead of treasure, they had found a relic of great historical value.

Early in February, agile old Guillermo Chacón and his grandson, Manuel Moreno, appeared at the Museum of Natural History and asked to see the director, Dr. Humberto Fuenzalida. They told him they had found a mummy on El Plomo and wanted to sell it. As evidence of the truth of their story, they showed the little figure of a llama found beside the child. Then the director put them in touch with Greta Mostny, an Austrian archeologist on the Museum staff. After a brief discussion, it was agreed that Chacón would bring the find to Puente Alto, a town ten miles from Santiago, and the experts would go there to examine it and determine its value.

When the experts made their report, a difficult bureaucratic problem faced the director. His organization had a very limited budget for acquisitions of this sort—thirty thousand pesos a year (not quite three hundred dollars at the free bank rate)—and the prospector demanded eighty thousand pesos. True, Chilean law did not favor his claim, since the find could be considered inalienable national property, but to go through the necessary legal procedure to take it over would have meant a delay of several days at least. And two or three days without the proper care might well be time enough for the cadaver to disintegrate. At the crucial moment, Dr. Richard Schaedel, a U.S. graduate of Yale and head

Eighty-year-old prospector Guillermo Chacón, responsible for unique discovery, poses for photographers at home near Santiago





Director of Chilean Museum of Natural History Humberto Fuenzalida and archeologist Greta Mostny examine their new-found treasure

of the department of anthropology of the University of Chile, intervened and paid Chacón and his friends forty-five thousand pesos out of his own pocket. So the frozen cadaver was immediately turned over to the Museum, which took the necessary precautions to assure its preservation.

Anthropologists are as elated over the find as a pair of newlyweds with a new house. Up to now, the only "mummies" in Chilean museums were human remains found in the nitrate plains of the North, where the sun and the salts of the earth had mummified, or rather toasted and oxidized, the cadavers of explorers or travelers lost in that lonely realm. These were more or less recent remains. The cadaver of the Indian boy, by contrast, is presumed to be five hundred years old, and is in an excellent state of preservation. Dr. Fuenzalida explained the racial identification this way: "The facial and bodily characteristics, the clothing and objects found with the body, leave no doubt of its origin: it was an Indian child of the Inca group. At first, because of its clothes, the child was thought to be a girl—a mistake soon rectified."

Along with the body, the following items were found:

a bag of red and white feathers, presumably of a parrot, and coca leaves; a female idol about six inches high with a plumed headdress, in a skirt and a cape pierced by a silver pin; a large purse woven probably of llama wool, containing locks of hair, baby teeth, and other amulets; and a small figure of a llama, made of gold and silver. (A smaller llama figure, made of sea shell, was found by Chacón on an earlier occasion and has been added to the "belongings" of the Inca boy.)

His five hundred years make the child, who is dressed in a wool skirt with vicuña trim, very valuable. Anthropologists plan to make detailed studies of him, for the preservation in ice has kept the vital organs, as well as the skin, in very good condition. The cadaver was so "fresh" that when it was transported to the Natural History Museum and thawed out by the warmer air, it exuded an oily substance. The Museum has named Dr. Ricardo Tovar, of the Police Technical Laboratory, as "chief physician" to the child, to direct the studies that will be made of the organs.

The anthropologists consider it very fortunate that the body reached them intact, after being brought down from such an extremely high altitude in the hands of men who were looking for wealth, not pieces for a museum. By a stroke of luck, Chacón and his friends did not take it directly to Santiago, but hid it a few days at the foot of the mountain, while they began negotiations with the Museum for a good sale price. The technicians believe that a sudden change in temperature and environment might have meant disintegration of the cadaver.

The "how" and "why" of the child's presence five hundred years ago on the summit of the mountain now known as El Plomo are points on which there is no complete agreement and probably never will be. Dr. Schaedel is now climbing to the summit to examine the place where the body was found, which means that important additional evidence may soon be revealed. In any case, a definite determination of the age must await careful analysis of the artifacts, type of weaving of its garments, and so on, by archeologists who are studying the case.

The boy, dressed and adorned with clothes and objects of quality, wore a silver collar, which led observers to believe that he was a "prince" or the son of a cacique. His head is inclined to the left, and the arms and legs are pulled in close to the body as if for protection. This led to some plainly amateur conjecture that perhaps he came with his family to the mountaintop, where there may have been a temple or ritual site, and then wandered away or remained behind for some reason or other and froze to death. But expert opinion and modest, illiterate Guillermo Chacón contradict this interpretation. In the first place, he declared that his friends found the "little prince" buried among stone walls, which seems to indicate an interment. Moreover, the trinkets found with the body strengthen the likelihood that there was a burial. Finally, the cadaver's crouched posture is quite typical of Inca wrapped mummies.

Between one hypothesis and the other lie five hundred years of mystery. ♦ ♦ ♦



Steel

FOR COLOMBIA

Lee Salsbery

COLOMBIA wanted homemade steel in ever-dependable supply. How it went about getting it is an amazing story of local enterprise plus international teamwork in the face of tremendous natural obstacles. The mammoth operation involved building a new port seven hundred miles up the Magdalena River, Colombia's main artery of commerce; hauling tons of heavy equipment over towering mountain ranges to the large deposits of iron ore in Boyacá Department; bringing technicians from many parts of the world to supervise construction and train skilled workers; building and repairing railroads, highways, bridges, and an electric plant. The result is Paz de Río, the highest steel plant in the world, which is scheduled to begin operations on June 13, 1954, to celebrate General Gustavo Rojas Pinilla's first year as President, and will be in full commercial production by next fall.

My curiosity as a photographer-journalist was aroused as soon as I reached Bogotá, even though I had not originally planned to visit the Paz de Río project. I could sense the tremendous national pride in the venture among the Colombians I talked to. Brazil and Chile had steel plants; why not Colombia—in spite of all the risks?

Planning got under way in the late forties, although the mill project had been mentioned years earlier. Geologists had found ample supplies of coal, ore, water, and limestone near Paz de Río, and a plant site was chosen in the area around Belencito, a lovely old eighteenth-century church. Despite the skeptical attitude of the International Bank Mission that visited Colombia in 1950 ("Colombia's Five-Year Plan," July 1951 AMERICAS), a national steel association was formed, Empresa Siderúrgica Nacional de Paz de Río. Dr. César Tulio Delgado, Minister of Commerce under former President Mariano Ospina Pérez and now Colombian Ambassador to the OAS, turned the first shovelful of dirt.

My first stop was newly developed Puerto Agudelo, across from Puerto Berrío on the Magdalena. This busy company port is run by a French naval engineer. Disregarding the intense tropical heat, workmen swarmed everywhere as cranes discharged machinery from the river barges that had brought equipment up the Magda-

Towering smokestack at Belencito blast-furnace plant, built in France, shipped disassembled, and re-erected in Colombian mountains

PHOTOS THIS ARTICLE BY THE AUTHOR



At Bogotá meeting, National Steel Company's directors and officers hear report of auditor (back to camera). General Manager Roberto Jaramillo is fourth from right

lena, Colombia's "Nile." Since many of the sand bars are constantly shifting, each arrival marked the end of weeks of skillful piloting on the part of the steamboat skippers operating paddlewheelers of the Mississippi River type.

But the trip by river is nothing compared to the trek overland with the heavy materials through the lowlands to the east, then up and up into the plant area. Guerrillas prevalent in the region at the time of my visit added to the difficulties, but they have been dispersed since the new government came into office.

In Colombia, land travel in either an easterly or a westerly direction generally means either scaling a mountain range and descending the other side or bridging the river between oneself and one's destination. From the Magdalena to the site at Belencito over sixty thousand tons of equipment had been moved before I arrived, by rail from Puerto Wilches to Bucaramanga and on by

Below: General view of docks and yards at Puerto Agudelo, new port built on Magdalena River for shorter route to plant site



truck, by rail from Puerto Salgar via Bogotá, and by truck from the new port.

I took the truck route on a particularly dark night with a driver who was taken ill at the top of a high mountain. Even though I had never driven a truck, I had to take this one through. It was customary to turn off all headlights when passing another vehicle on the high, black, narrow road. Earlier I had watched mule trains winding down the mountain trails, a strange contrast to the rapid industrial development going on nearby; that night the pack mules would have been a



Long lines of trucks hauled parts and materials for steel mill up road from Puerto Agudelo to main highway at Tunja

welcome substitute for the passing trucks.

At Belencito I began to realize the full scope of the operation. My camera ranged over the huge, coordinated drive to get a modern steel plant in operation at 7,300 feet. Building materials were being manufactured on the spot. A brick-making factory had been constructed, and I stood inside as the hot fires began to build up all about me. The concrete batching plant was ready for production, and an immense sand quarry for concrete was conveniently close at hand. I had to use a very high shutter speed to prevent the terrific vibration from the rock-crushing plant from blurring my photographs. Beautiful Lake Tota, a duck-hunter's and trout fisherman's paradise and one of the larger highland lakes, contributed water to the project, which flowed in through the new eighteen-mile-long pipeline.

The men building the vast enterprise, who speak a total of seventeen languages, were best at visualizing the future of Paz de Río. The new plant, they told me, will use the basic Bessemer process of producing steel, whereby impurities are removed by blasting air through molten iron. It will produce 150,000 tons of finished



Belencito construction engineering office. Second man from right is plant technical manager, French engineer Edouard Decherf

products annually—rails, wire, nails, flat steel, and structurals. Eventually, with the addition of two more blast furnaces, it is hoped that the output will be stepped up to the 250,000 tons needed by Colombia, according to a market survey by the Koppers Company of Pittsburgh. Fortunately, immense deposits of coking coal, iron ore, and limestone—the foundation for the steel mill—are available within an eighteen-mile radius. These are estimated to hold a two-hundred-year reserve at capacity output.

There are many by-products. The limestone mine and crushing plant in Belencito was producing over a thousand tons of aggregate per day for use in concrete work in the plant, miscellaneous construction, roads, and so on. The fines are also crushed for use as agricultural lime and are distributed over a wide area. I was told that they were selling for four and a half pesos (the Colombian peso is worth about forty cents) per metric ton, whereas the price in the Bogotá area had formerly

Below: Part of Belencito plant site, with building materials for coking plant in foreground, for power plant in background



been about thirty pesos a ton. For direct use in agriculture, Paz de Río will produce in addition about twenty-six thousand tons of thomas slag, a fertilizer high in phosphorus. A power plant has been constructed to generate 25,000 kilowatts and run on gases and other by-products of the steel plant.

Some twenty-eight million dollars in French loans is helping to finance the hundred-million-dollar venture. (The cost, of course, includes the entire enterprise and not merely the steel plant.) Private Colombian capital is also participating, through a 2½ per cent special tax on



Nearby quarry provides sand for concrete construction. Ore, limestone, and coal are available within a few miles of plant

individual and corporate income of over ten thousand pesos, in the form of compulsory subscription to shares of stock in the company. At the moment the government owns most of the stock, but it plans to turn the plant over to private investors eventually.

The Colombian enterprise is remarkably international in scope. A United States firm, Arthur G. McKee Company, is engineering construction; French technicians will operate the plant at first; Mexico is providing the power plants; German technicians are in charge of the mines; and so on. As I became acquainted with the supervisors at the site, the language confusion was forever cropping up. I would ask in Spanish for one more picture, only to learn that my subject was French; after mastering the phrase in French, I would try it on someone else, then find that I was speaking to a German.

I could see that the people of the area were industrious, but very poor, though many were beginning to be more prosperous because of work at the plant. Nearly ten thousand men were employed by the company. Of these about seven thousand worked in the Belencito area, once

(Continued on page 44)

A short story by Manuel Rojas

FOR A MOMENT it seemed as if the chair would collapse, or at least crack; but no: it groaned and sagged, but it stood firm. It was a well-built chair, styleless but made without nails. The man's body filled it. With his arms folded across his chest, he spoke:

"They have found gold in the South. Two men spent the night in an abandoned house. In the morning, as they were leaving, they noticed that some of the stones in the fireplace were very heavy and had strange veins running through them. The men were muleteers, not miners, although not fools either, and they took the stones to Talca. A jeweler examined them and made the pronouncement: gold. They didn't know what to do, and the jeweler told them: 'Sell me this and go look for more. I won't breathe a word or do anything to find out where you got it. Here's your money.' They accepted.

vigorous and, although a little distracted, not crazy. If you are lucky, you will be able to go to Europe to study. I don't have money to send you there, but I can give you what I have, some three hundred pesos, to undertake this adventure."

The sons consulted each other:

"What do you think of it?"

"What should I think? Very well," answered Manuel, shrugging his shoulders.

The father had given them not only his strength and good looks but also that gentle blood, although slightly transformed: Manuel was a painter, Julio a sculptor. Melody had borne fruit.

"I presume you will not be afraid. The two of you together, with your strength, can do as much as half a dozen men, and only those half dozen together could match you. Agreed?"



IN THE

The jeweler waited and the men returned with two more stones. Then he said: 'This is nonsense. Why don't we form a company? I have friends, and I can round up a few thousand pesos. Sell me what you have there and give me authority to make arrangements. Here's your money.' Again they accepted, and the jeweler closed up his store and came to Santiago. The muleteers, meanwhile, got drunk and told all. Right now a corporation is being formed, and many people are getting ready to go there."

The man stopped talking, unfolded his arms, and put his hands on his thighs. They were large hands with thick, strong fingers, but white and clean, the hands of an artist. The man was a musician who specialized in composing waltzes, heart-rending waltzes that made it possible for him to live without serious worries. Looking at him, it was difficult to imagine that such was his occupation, for he was broad-shouldered and powerful, with golden beard and hair—a true bull, through some part of which, perhaps ashamed, flowed sweet and gentle blood. His sons were like him. One of them asked, just to ask:

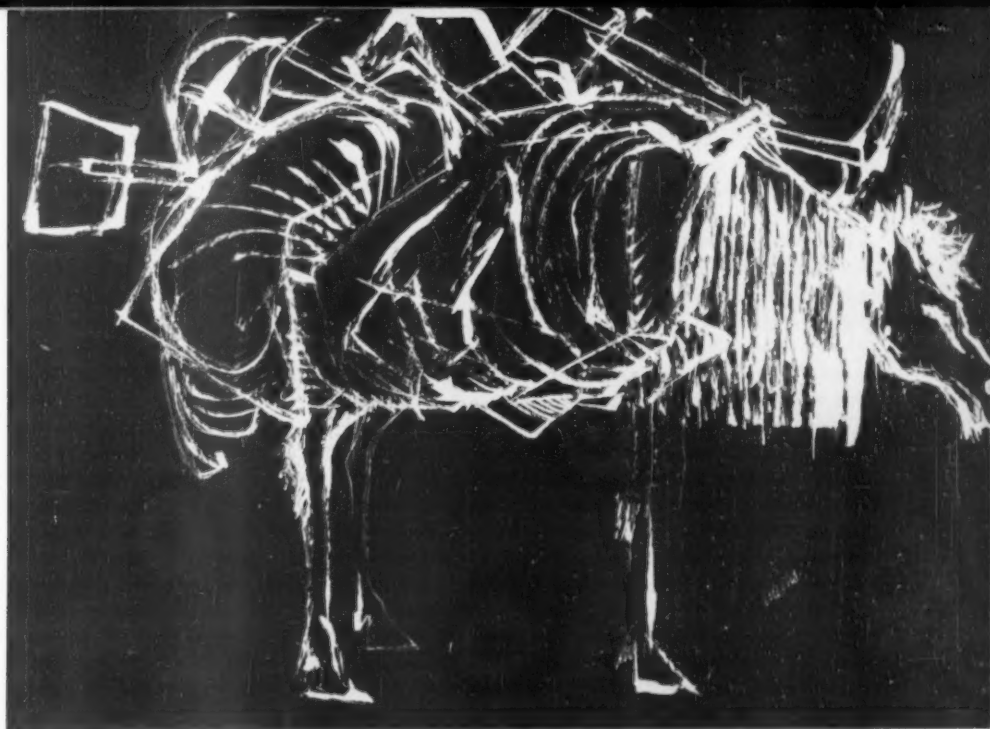
"And where is that gold?"

With his thumb, the man indicated some place behind him: "In the South, not far from the Maule River and close to the coast. The place is called Putú."

The sons remained silent. Although they were pretty well grown up, the reason for this meeting and this report on gold-mining did not occur to them. The father continued: "I am telling you this because I believe that there is an opportunity here for you, the only one that will come your way for many years. You are young and



SOUTH



Illustrations by José Luis Cuevas

"Very well, father; we shall go."

The man stood up and the chair arched back like a cat, releasing the tension which it had had to call upon to keep from splitting.

"As soon as I finish a waltz I am composing, I'll give you the money."

A few days later, the brothers arrived at the edge of the Maule. Before the Spanish Conquest, the Inca Empire extended to the northern bank of this famous river, while its southern bank marked the beginning of the dangerous and tumultuous territory of the Araucanian Indians. Today mestizos, descendants of the Spaniards, and people of other nationalities swarm along its banks. Manuel and Julio looked at each other.

"We must buy tools."

In Constitución, a town flanked by the river on the north and the sea to the west, they bought what they considered necessary: shovels, pickaxes, and hoes, sieves, frying pans, and saucepans, buckets and colanders, most of them used. When they finished their purchases and looked at the pile, the brothers broke into laughter: "How are we going to carry all that?"

"And we still haven't got the provisions."

Spaghetti, potatoes, rice, and beans added so much to their baggage that they had to get a mule or horse. They scouted around the neighborhood and returned to their lodgings in the company of a small horse with sad eyes, very shaggy and somewhat broken down, which accepted with resignation whatever they piled on his back, his ribs, his rump, and his withers. They put a halter on him and made their way at dawn to the ferry. But the ferryman wasn't there. They could see him on the other

bank, far away, waiting for something.

They remained there, smoking and looking at the river, conversing. At that hour the place seemed solitary: nothing but birds and shrubs, a hut over there and another beyond, a column of smoke, a few boats. It was a long time before they discovered that they were not alone, when someone coughed and spat noisily. There was a man there, but how could you see him at first glance? Seated on a rock, he also was watching the river and, motionless, he blended in with the rocks and shrubs. His clothing, including his hat, was the color of rock, sand, or earth; because of its color and immobility, his bulk seemed more like that of an iguana with a knack for mimicry than that of a human being. Manuel went over to look at him.

"Good morning," he greeted him.

"Good morning," answered the iguana, bending his neck.

The face was unrelated to the bulk of the body, not because of its color, which was not unusual, but because of its expression: it was lively and full of intelligence and charm, long and narrow with prominent bones. The dark eyes had a quick, profound glance—they were eyes that did not waste time; they remembered what they saw. The hands, very brown, reminded Julio of those of stonecutters, who work in the sun. Manuel made an effort to tear his eyes away from that face so as not to seem impertinent. If he had had a piece of canvas there, a few tubes of paint, and his brushes, he would have started the man's portrait, a portrait of the free and wide-awake life.

The man looked at him, smiling a smile that revealed

long, yellow teeth and made a mouse-tail moustache run along his upper lip.

"Are you going to the other side?"

"Yes, that's where we're going."

The man turned his head and glanced quickly at Julio, then turned toward the river again; but something had escaped him and he twisted his neck once more in a more careful look, not at Julio but at the horse. Manuel watched him. The man returned his gaze to the river; he seemed to have grasped the whole situation, not only what was happening but what had happened.

"Heading for Putú, then?"

"How did you know?" Manuel asked.

The man smiled and tossed his head in the direction of the horse. "Where can you go with a cargo like that?"

Julio came closer. Neither of the brothers, artists and sons of a bourgeois family, had had any experience with what may be found on the edges of roads or rivers.

"And why so much junk?" He was referring to the sieves, pots, buckets, shovels, and hoes the horse was carrying, which made a lively clatter whenever the animal moved his uncertain feet.

"Here comes the ferryman."

"And you, are you going there too?"

The man assented and Manuel's eyes searched for his baggage: a flour sack, half or two-thirds full, lay beside his feet.

"And that's all you're taking?"

The man emitted a burst of laughter. "That's all," he said. "Why more? If I find gold I will have what I need; if I don't find it, why should I carry what I'm not going to need?"

"Are you a miner?"

"I've been one all my life, not around here but in the North, and I have thirty-six mines registered in my name—gold, silver, copper, nickel—and nobody would give me a peso for the lot of them. Have you a cigarette?"

The ferryman was halfway across the river by now. The man stood up, stretching his legs; he was slender, almost skinny, and of more than average height; his movements were agile and sure. At his side, Manuel and Julio, well-fed, tall, robust, with light eyes, blond hair, and rosy skin, seemed to be his bosses, the eternal *patrones*. The man took his sack and tossed it easily over his shoulder; it seemed part of him.

Once on the raft and out in the stream, while the ferryman took charge of navigation and the brothers gazed toward a sandbar, the man became loquacious: "I have heard tell of Putú, but I'm not sure what's going on. If we must look for gold we'll look for it, and if it's there we'll find it. Who knows? In mining nobody knows where the hare is going to jump from, or into what."

He was silent a moment and then continued: "We miners sometimes go for a long time without talking, and when we meet people we want to get even. Years ago I spent three months in the desert with no more company than a burro; I thought I was going to be left mute. I sang, recited verses, told stories to the burro, talked to myself and answered myself, and sometimes something came over me, I don't know what, as if some-

one was saying to me, 'Shut up, blabbermouth. Aren't you ashamed to be talking to yourself?' I shut up, but I felt that if I went on like that my tongue would turn hard and I wouldn't be able to work it. Then I sang as loud as I could, although I have never liked to do it and have a voice like a cow's, but what was there to do? When I returned to the town I talked for a week. . . . That's why I don't like to go alone to explore mines. I always arrange to take along a companion, preferably a partner who helps me pay expenses."

The man stopped talking. The Maule ran toward the sea, wide and clear, and its waters murmured against the ferry's sides, giving it a fleeting border of spray. The horse, frightened, looked at the river and remained quiet, as if he suspected what might happen to him if he showed signs of displeasure or rebellion. The man resumed talking.

"I have had many companions, and some of them died on me in the desert, but others are still alive, among them a Spanish photographer from Antofagasta. I met him in a boarding house. He's one of those fellows who wander around the streets with a little machine, saying,



'Take your picture, sir?' He seemed a serious fellow, and I suspected that he might have a little money. I had ideas about a mineral outcropping I had seen on my last trip through the desert and hadn't been able to probe as I wanted to because hunger and fatigue had me in a hurry. I talked to him about mines, and he heard me like one who hears it rain. Finally, after listening to me say that mining is like such and such, that many people became millionaires overnight, that much wealth remained in Atacama and Tarapacá, and that not much work was required to discover it and take advantage of it, he said to me, 'Look here, don't bore me with any more of this. Tell me what you want of me.' I told him

and he declared: 'I have always wanted to discover a mine and make myself rich, but I don't understand anything about mining. Explain this project to me carefully.' I explained, and finally he accepted. He put up the money and we agreed to go halves on what we found. I was crazy with joy. We bought what we needed and set out. We scratched around for more than a month. The burro we had with us died of hunger and we almost met the same fate. Finally the Spaniard said: 'Listen, you; I know you didn't mean to cheat me, and I'm not angry, but there's nothing more in this for us. Let's go back.' I said OK, and the Spaniard piled up all the tools and even the burro's skeleton next to an enormous hole we had dug. He made a kind of billboard out of papers and sticks, wrote something on it, and set it next to the hole. Know what he wrote?' The miner repeated the Spaniard's pithy, unprintable summary of his plight. 'Then the photographer took out his camera, snapped a picture, and said, 'Come on, let's go.' We gathered up what we could carry and went back to Antofagasta. There the man made copies of the photograph and sold them to the public. In a few months he got back the money he had lost.'

The man let out a kind of neighing laugh that made the horse back up one step, just one step. The brothers laughed too, infected by that outburst, and the ferryman, a silent man, allowed himself a smile.

When they stepped ashore on the other side of the river, the ferryman pointed out the way: 'On that road, you won't get lost. To Putú, right?'

Julio had a feeling of presentiment, and asked, 'Have many people passed this way?'

The swarthy, green-eyed ferryman opened one hand, separating the fingers and wagging it from the wrist: 'So-so, so-so. . .'

His repeated gesture might indicate twenty-five, but it could also mean five hundred; precision would not be the ferryman's greatest virtue, since there is no reason for a ferryman to be precise. The river isn't, and a man always has something of the quality of what he works in. The miner led the way and Julio and Manuel followed, with the horse. It was a pleasant morning and the landscape was a joy to the eyes.

The miner remained silent. With his sack on his back, he advanced at a steady pace. He didn't look at the landscape, like the brothers, who were artists, but, like a miner, at the earth itself, its colors, features, and slope. He had embarked on the terrain as the ferryman embarks on the river, and he was working now and couldn't lose time looking at the trees, which have never produced any ore, or at the blue sky or the birds or the flowers, which had absolutely nothing to do with mining. Gold may be anywhere or it may be nowhere, but if you want to find it you have to search for it. Julio and Manuel, on the other hand, were not searching for it, and the reason they weren't was that, even if they did, they wouldn't know how to detect it. They would have to reach the place where it was discovered, ask if that were really where it was discovered, and, once this was confirmed, begin the search. If it was there they would find

it and if it wasn't true that it was there it wouldn't be their fault that they didn't find it. To them, gold meant Paris, the Louvre, or Florence, or the Sistine Chapel, beautiful, far-off things, things they were waiting for. But the miner wasn't waiting; he forged ahead; he was a professional, not an amateur, and his objective was fixed and he couldn't waste time looking at the decorations. To him, gold had a more immediate significance.

The hills stretched down toward the sea, and the approach of summer had turned them green, a green that varied as the vegetation changed, brighter here, darker there, but always green, with brown spots only where plant life was almost absolutely nonexistent, or where slower-growing vegetation wouldn't appear until later, when the temperature rose. Leafy trees, a dark green bordering on black, contrasted with the green and brown. The breeze that came in from the sea refreshed the men's faces and hands.

After two hours' walking without meeting anything but a few carts occupied by men who looked at them in astonishment, men with hats down to their ears and gray or orange ponchos, they took a brief rest, after which they resumed the march. Near noon, already a little tired, they came to the foot of a steep cliff. Again they rested.

'We must be close now.'

'Yes, the ferryman said we could get there by twelve.'

'We'll have lunch up there on top.'

The first to make the top, naturally, was the miner. He paused to take a breath and looked out in all directions, bringing his gaze to a halt at one point on the horizon. There he remained, motionless, like an animal lying in ambush. When Manuel and Julio came up to him with the horse, which was panting as if it had asthma, they looked in the same direction, but they couldn't see anything.

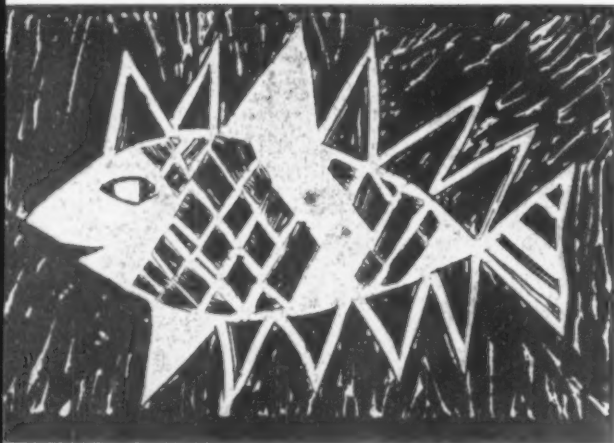
'What are you looking at?'

'That hill.' The man pointed.

There was a hill, that is to say, there were many, but one of them stood out among them all: it wasn't bright green or dark green or brown, it was black. A black hill! Perhaps a fire had left it that color? But the black of that hill was a special black: true, you saw little bright spots on it, but the dark background suggested the patches you see on the ocean floor in shallow water near shore, when you are looking from above and the movement of the waves, with the light or against it, makes them lighter or darker. What did that mean?

The miner resumed the march, in a hurry now, like someone who has discovered something and rushes after it, lest it get away. Julio and Manuel, unable to find an explanation for what they saw and surprised at the determined movements of the miner, set off after him, also at a rapid pace. Half an hour later they stopped, open-mouthed, at the edge of the hill: the whole thing was seething with men, men digging, making ditches and holes, moving the rocks and dirt from one place to another, as if they didn't like the way it was and wanted to give it a new arrangement—but no one could tell what

(Continued on page 22)



Linoleum cut by U.S. artist's eight-year-old daughter



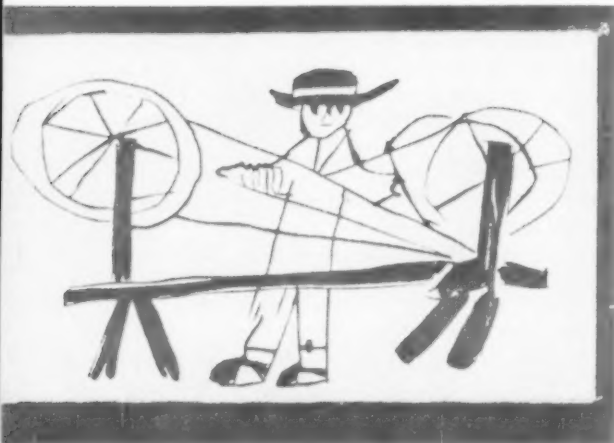
The Port of Guayaquil, by seven-to-eleven-year-olds in scholarship group, is made of gummed paper with some painting in gouache

Small artists

O F E C U A D O R

Lilo Linke

Jan Schreuder's students making a collective painting of the sea



The Spinning Wheel, by Segundo Muenala, nine-year-old Otavalo

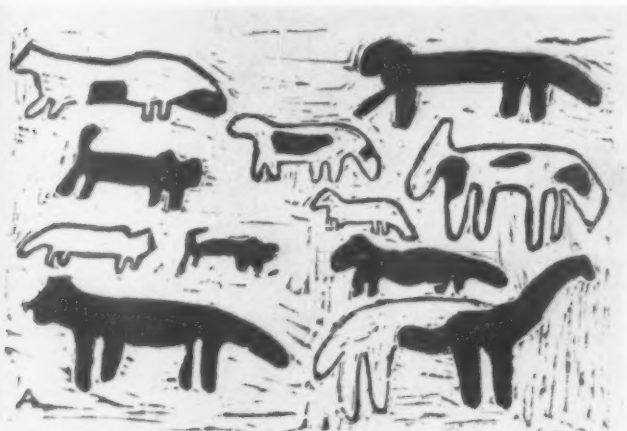


Three of the Otavalo Indian girls, whose parents are in Quito for an Ecuadorean Institute of Anthropology project



QUITO, the capital of Ecuador, is fairly blasé about art and artists. Since colonial times, when it was known as the "Cloisters of America," it has been a veritable museum, its many churches crowded with paintings and sculptures that today, of course, are a great tourist attraction. To keep abreast of the latest developments it has the monthly exhibitions of contemporary work—native and foreign—sponsored by the Casa de la Cultura Ecuatoriana, the national cultural institute.

Not long ago, however, an exhibition opened in Quito that took Ecuadoreans by storm. The artists were boys and girls of primary-school age—some rich, some poor, some whites, others mestizos or Indians. All were brought together from their widely differing backgrounds by Jan Schreuder, the Dutch artist, who since 1939 has made



Linoleum block print of animals by English girl, age ten

his home in Ecuador. Two years ago he founded the Centro Ecuatoriano de Arte, where he teaches children and adults, and in February the work of his young students went on display in the Exhibition of Children's Art.

In this country of marked social and racial contrasts the young artists make up a strange little group. Eleven-year-old Julieta, for instance, is the daughter of a foreign diplomat; the parents of Mario, one year her senior, came to Ecuador some fifteen years ago, wealthy refugees from Germany; little Galo, who has only just started school, is the son of Quito's best-known surgeon. Then there are five little girls from the Hogar de Niñas, a government-run orphanage. Their parents, too poor, or sick, or for other reasons, are unable to take care of them. Working side by side with them are five boys from a public primary school, who are so poor that shoes are a luxury. None could pay for so much as a colored pencil; they were awarded scholarships by the Casa de la Cultura, which is keenly interested in Jan Schreuder's work with children. Adding to the flavor of this mixture are the five or six Otavalo Indian boys and girls, who settled down in Quito with their parents almost a year ago in connection with a project for adults at the Ecuadorean Institute of Anthropology, in which Schreuder also has a finger. They cling to their traditional costume,

imitating their parents down to the last detail, and look more like dolls than like human beings. Finally, there are two Indian youths of the Salasaca tribe, from about a hundred miles south of Quito, dressed in solemn black homespun clothes, as different from those of the Otavalos as if they were from opposite ends of the earth.

Meeting these young people separately in the street, one would never guess how much they have in common. Yet the exhibition offered amazing evidence: in their paintings, clay models, decorated earthenware platters, linoleum and potato cuts, printed textiles, and large collective murals, they were clearly sharing the satisfaction of creating something.

"For a child, there is no such thing as specialization," Jan Schreuder told me one day in his studio as he was selecting from the stack of paintings those to be shown in the February exhibit. "A child paints or models, or makes cut-outs with identical fervor. Yesterday Eulalia saw me printing a shawl, and at once she wanted to make one of her own. What a child desires is to express himself, and to do it he will seize anything at hand."

It was fun to see the children at work. I watched a toddler of three, whose nose scarcely reached the board placed on the easel, swipe her brush across the pinned-up paper in strokes of burning red. Suddenly the color began to run; the brush was too wet. There was a moment's consternation. Was the painting ruined? Should she cry? Pursing her lips, she declared firmly: "It's raining." In the end the picture turned into the portrait of a dog.

Next I stopped behind one of the Otavalo boys, whose thickly braided black hair hung down his back; no true Otavalo would let his hair be cut! Segundo is only nine, but already quite a man. He helps his father with the weaving, his mother with the spinning (at the Institute of Anthropology they are learning new techniques and designs from Jan). Back home in Otavalo, Segundo also shares in all the farming chores and may even take turns with his father behind the ox-drawn plow. In Jan's studio he is learning at last to be a child.

"What are you painting, Segundo?" I asked. He muttered something in unintelligible Quechua. Never mind, there was the cottage, Imbabura Mountain, the sun, for everyone to see. When he finished, he dipped his brush into the black paint to draw his name at the bottom, more satisfied with his work than any Picasso could ever be.

The long table beneath the north window was a peaceful chaos of clay and color, of brushes and knives. Iliana, the eight-year-old daughter of a North American painter who has lived in Quito a long time, was making her first linoleum block.

"*La Niña del Sombrero*" (Little Girl With a Hat), she informed me, without interrupting her work. Her straight golden hair fell loosely over cheeks flushed with excitement. "Jan says we can make linoleum cuts for Christmas cards. I'm going to make a fish next."

"Me, too," said her neighbor, thirteen-year-old María Sol, daughter of a Quito businessman.

Meanwhile, Jimmy was making a clay tree that stood

Right: Salasaca Indian youths, from a tribe of embroiderers, paint delicately, as if their brushes were needles



Dutchman Jan Schreuder coaches one of his small pupils, six-year-old Caroline

upright like a model for some fantastic monument; his sister Mae was busy with a clay relief of a Colorado Indian, to be stuck on white cardboard. "Do you like it?" she asked. At home she is rather a nervous child, but here she seemed relaxed and content.

At the very end of the table, slightly apart from the rest, the two Salasaca youths were giggling together. They were both painting, but they don't like to work standing at the easel. The Salasaca men are famous embroiderers, and the boys handled the brush as if it were a thin pointed needle. Each painting is of incredible delicacy, in strong contrast to anything else produced in the studio.

Unique paper cutouts (combined with paintings) were made by the ten scholarship boys and girls. Some of the upper-class children also made these collective cutouts, but there is a special imaginative quality about the work of the poor children. Most of what they create is born of pure fantasy; they have never seen either the sea or the jungle they depict, or for that matter, a hundred things in Quito itself.

Naturally enough, they started with a "portrait" of their native town, one joyous riot of color resulting in the semi-abstract style that seems to be the vogue in modern painting. I asked the children to explain it to me. Jorge, a little reluctantly, put down his scissors; he had been cutting out a blue sail for their latest group composition, *The Port of Guayaquil*.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Jan told us we could make whatever we liked, so we talked it over among ourselves. Some said an hacienda, others a market-place. Then we thought—why not Quito? First we stuck up one house each. This is mine." He pointed at a white block on the right. "But the picture didn't look a bit like a town—more like six potatoes in a big basket. So Mr. Jan asked us how many houses we thought there were in Quito. Carlos said three hundred. That was silly, of course. Elena said a million." Jorge snorted. "In the end we decided maybe

there are ten thousand. So we filled up the picture with as many houses as we could paste on it. Now you've got your houses, Mr. Jan said: what about streets? So we put on streets, going straight up the paper because Quito is in the mountains. This is my street here, and I also put this airplane. The sun is Elena's, and I think this little green house is hers, too. . . . Excuse me, but I have to go back to the others, or they'll finish Guayaquil without me."

"It's astonishing how polite these children are," Jan Schreuder remarked. He had been listening from a distance, so that the boy could explain on his own. But he need not worry about hampering the children by his presence. They learned long ago that he is ready with suggestions and advice should they need them, but for the rest will leave them alone. "These ten are what you might call slum kids, yet their manners are faultless. They'll hang around in the street sometimes for an hour before the lessons start, and then troop in at least a quarter of an hour early, each one solemnly repeating: '¡Buenos días, Señor Jan! ¡Buenos días, Señora!'"

"They always ask whether they may do this or that," he went on, smiling. "At first they even took turns asking whether they might use the lavatory; they had never seen anything like it, and enjoyed going there as much as the lesson. Their leavetaking is just as ceremonious as their greeting. Yet outside, at school, at home, in the street, they are little devils, no better than they should be."

While the children work, Jan's wife, Margaret, generally plays phonograph records of Ecuadorean or light classical music. This harmonious background has both a soothing and a stimulating effect. Any tenseness in the children—and in their various ways they all have their problems, big or small—gradually fades as they are carried away into a creative world of their own.

"I am particularly pleased about the emotional and educational effect of the group cutouts," Jan Schreuder said to me when we were alone later on. "I'm always hearing people assert that Ecuadoreans are hopelessly individualistic; and maybe it's true. But working together here in the studio the children learn to respect each other's opinions and character traits, to be generous and not domineering. I'll never forget the way they made *The Sea*. Avelina cut out a big fish, but she was so slow that when she finished, there was no space left. She stood about crestfallen until Francisco picked up her fish and stuck it right in the middle, even though it completely covered his own much smaller one. I couldn't help patting his head to show my approval."

It was not surprising that at the February show the vivid colors and vigorous shapes of the nine enormous group cutouts attracted the most attention. "We grown-up artists could learn a lot from those kids," remarked one of Quito's foremost painters.

Minister of Education José R. Martínez Cobo, who inaugurated the exhibition, shook hands with each of the little artists. They failed to see what all the fuss was about, yet couldn't hide their pleasure when he said to them: "Well done, my boy! Congratulations, little girl! We are certainly proud of you!" ♦ ♦ ♦



Civilizations on parade*

Betty J. Meggers

* On Pan American Day, April 14, the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. was host to members of the OAS Council and other officials and representatives of the Organization of American States. The occasion was the inauguration of a new exhibition hall entitled "Highlights of Latin American Archaeology" in the Natural History Building of the United States National Museum, a branch of the Smithsonian Institution. This hall is the first to be completely modernized since the United States National Museum officially opened in 1913.

ALTHOUGH THE CELEBRATION of Pan American Day on April 14 is a custom of recent origin, the roots of Pan Americanism extend far into the prehistoric past. The difference is that today conscious cooperation has been substituted for the more random interchange of ideas that prevailed in earlier times, and modern means of communication have speeded up the process. But the effects are much the same. We usually think of primitive peoples as having a limited knowledge of the world outside the boundaries of their daily existence, but the more we learn of past cultures in the Americas, the more evidence we find that ideas and products were widely diffused within the New World.

Man first entered the Americas more than ten thousand years ago, when the vast glaciers impounded such tremendous quantities of water that the sea level dropped to reveal a land connection between Asia and America in the area now occupied by the Bering Strait. Large mammals, among them the bison, elephant, mastodon, horse, and camel, wandered back and forth. Men, who hunted them for food, did the same. In this casual and unpremeditated way, they gradually filtered over the habitable portions of the continent to the extreme tip of South America (see "Across the Bering Strait," April 1952 AMERICAS). As the glaciers withdrew, the climate changed to what it is now, the large game greatly diminished or became extinct, and the land bridge to the Old World vanished beneath the sea.

From that time until the coming of the Europeans at the end of the fifteenth century A.D., the descendants of these first immigrants pursued a largely undisturbed existence. They adapted themselves to the varying local environments and developed civilizations to one degree or another. Although each local tribe or culture had its distinguishing features, the cultures occupying a given geographical area frequently show general similarities that enable anthropologists to group them into a "culture area." In the Smithsonian's *Handbook of South American Indians*, five of these prehistoric culture areas in what is now known as Latin America have been described. Differing in patterns of subsistence, in social organization, in religion, and in perfection and variety of arts and crafts, they range from a culture not notably different from that brought across the Bering Strait by the first hunters, to the impressive civilizations of the Incas of Peru, the Aztecs of Mexico, and the Maya of Yucatan. From extensive excavations undertaken in Peru, Mexico, and Guatemala, archeologists have learned that the differences now displayed geographically are comparable to the steps civilization traversed in each culture area. This raises the question: why did the cultures of one area develop faster and farther than those of another? The answer appears to be that farming is the foundation of civilization and that the height each culture attained depended largely upon the productivity of its agriculture.

The most primitive cultures belong to the Marginal Area, a name derived from the fact that in late prehistoric times these cultures occupied areas out of touch with the main currents of cultural development. They represent people who lived by hunting, fishing, and



gathering wild food, people unable to adopt agriculture because of the poor soil, cold climate, or swampy character of their environment. Such tribes inhabited the southern part of South America, portions of the uplands of eastern Brazil, and scattered swamp and savanna regions over the continent as late as the sixteenth century A.D. The tools and utensils of hunters naturally differed from those of tribes that derived their food supply primarily from fishing. Different climates and kinds of food required special methods of exploitation. However, Marginal tribes resembled each other in being typically nomadic, setting up crude shelters in temporary camps. They all had a minimum of material goods, they lived in small groups usually composed of relatives, and they devoted most of their time to the search for food. In many areas, such as the southern part of Patagonia, the same kinds of tools—stone spearpoints, bone harpoons, fishnet sinkers, hammers, choppers, drills, bola weights, scrapers, and shell and stone knives—were made in almost identical form over a period of five thousand years. They were sufficient to satisfy the needs of the people, and since the opportunities for food gathering did not change, neither did the culture.

Conditions in the Tropical Forest Culture Area, which occupies the greater Amazon basin, show that where even relatively limited farming was possible, the way of life was considerably altered. The people still hunted, fished, and gathered, but with gardens cut out of the forest they were no longer completely dependent on this uncertain food supply. They could settle down in villages and larger numbers of people could live in one place. They began to make pottery and to weave, arts the Marginal Area cultures lacked, and elaborated basketry and other crafts possessed by the Marginal cultures in simpler form. These achievements look insignificant next to the

products of Aztec, Inca, or Maya craftsmen, but compared with life in the Marginal Area, that of a Tropical Forest Area community is colorful, rich, and secure.

In the Circum-Caribbean Area, which occupies the Antilles and the mainland coasts of Central and South America bordering the Caribbean Sea, the environment is different from that of the river-riddled tropical forest. Common problems of adjustment to coastal living, well-developed water transportation permitting ready communication, and relatively recent migration from the mainland to the islands, which spread certain already existing features widely and rapidly, combined to produce a general uniformity in culture, despite strong outside influences on the Central American region. There are striking similarities in modeled ornamentation on pottery vessels and in the ceremonial paraphernalia—idols, stools, amulets, shrines—even though they differed in details of execution. The people of the Circum-Caribbean Area lived in larger villages than those of the Tropical Forest Area; they had a more complex social organization, with a chief who enjoyed special privileges; and to the arts and crafts familiar to the Tropical Forest peoples, they added metallurgy. The working of gold and copper was particularly extensive in the Central American part of the culture area, to which it was probably introduced from the Andean Area of South America. A large variety of techniques, such as casting, gilding, hammering, and alloying, were employed to produce beautiful and often intricate gold and copper objects, which were traded widely between the thirteenth century A.D. and the Spanish Conquest.

Finally, two areas—the Andean and the Meso-American—reached such a high level of civilization that even the conquistadors were impressed by the large cities, the magnificent buildings, the roads and bridges, the abundance and beauty of the objects wrought in gold, silver, and bronze, the elaborate, colorful, and intricately woven textiles, and the manifold other wonders that everywhere met their eyes.

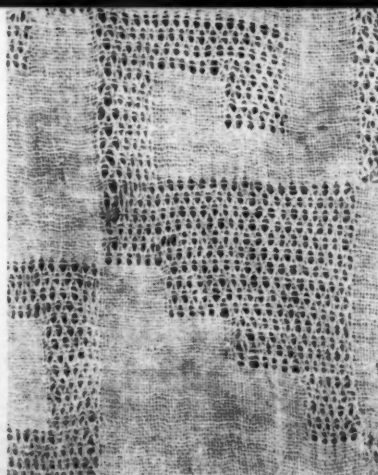
The Inca buildings in the highlands of the Andes, built of stones of many sizes so skillfully fitted together that a thin knife blade cannot be wedged between them, represent great feats of engineering, the more remarkable because to smooth the huge stones and raise them into position the people had only the most primitive tools—stone hammers; stone, copper, and bronze chisels; levers; ropes; the inclined plane. Professional architects and stone masons directed the work, just as professional potters turned out vessels on a mass-production scale, professional metal workers made a variety of useful and handsome objects of silver, gold, copper, and bronze, and professional weavers produced marvelous textiles, some of which cannot be duplicated on modern machine looms. At the time of the Spanish Conquest, Peruvian tapestries were far superior to those being made in Europe. While contemporary European tapestries rarely employed more than eighty-five weft threads per inch, those of ancient Peru often had over two hundred.

Coordinating all these artisans, supervising the produc-

(Continued on page 30)



Carved wooden stool from Turks Islands, in Bahamas. Stools are characteristic of Circum-Caribbean culture area



Gauze-woven fabric from Nazca Valley, Peru, represents advanced Andean area



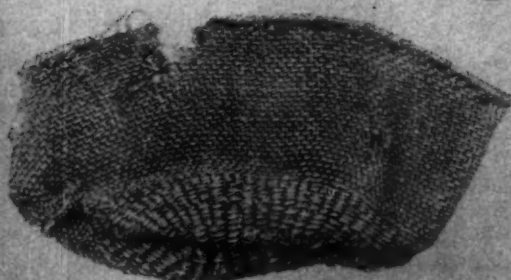
Small female pottery figurines, apparently idols, from Valley of Mexico, date back to period between 800 and 400 B.C.



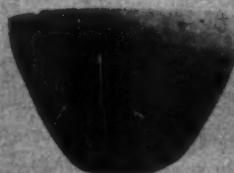
Shell amulet (left) and wooden idol from Hispaniola



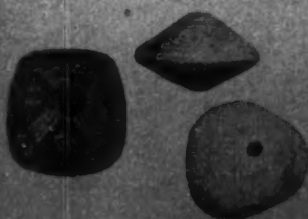
Cruder figurine is from mouth of Amazon, in Tropical Forest culture area



Basket from northern Peru is product of Marginal culture



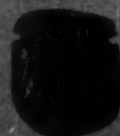
Above and right: Primitive bowls from British Guiana



Spindle whorls or weights, from Circum-Caribbean culture area



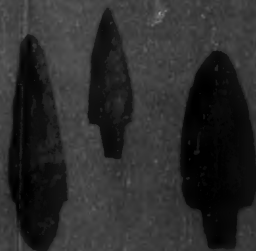
Drills from Marginal culture



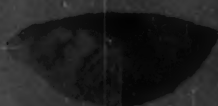
Guiana stone axe



Stone tools of an early date



Stone points represent an early level of culture



Scrapers from Patagonia, a Marginal area

GOLD IN THE SOUTH (Continued from page 15)

the new one would be, for everyone was working as he pleased. Some individuals disappeared in pits they themselves had excavated; others were hidden behind trenches of stones and dirt; those beyond shoveled dirt, dumping it behind them or to the side, without paying any attention to whether it fell on somebody else; and finally, others were examining and measuring the ground, staking it out vigorously. It all looked like an anthill, a beehive, a heap of flies that was screeching, buzzing, panting; a compact, uniform mound, unbroken and without rest. When the brothers looked up, the miner had disappeared: the mound had swallowed him up.

"What shall we do?" whispered Julio. "There's no place to get in here, especially with a horse. We couldn't even use the hoe."

"We'd be running the risk of hitting one of these fellows' behinds."

They tied the horse to a rock, got out some food, and prepared to eat lunch. No one paid any attention to them, and they were calm as they ate, calm but somewhat disturbed. It was impossible to be there and remain apart from what was going on, although the truth was that there was no place for them to set themselves up with all that equipment and a horse they could not abandon. They thought of their father, and the thought made them uneasy: the waltz was called *Laments of the Soul*; they had spent their advance and now had the anguished sensation that those laments would find no echo. But something occurred to Julio, not right away but after he had eaten, as if his mind, unlike the miner's, which ran on need, ran on satisfaction.

"I have an idea," he said. "Let's hurry."

They set out in the direction of Putú. The hill continued to buzz, black with men stooping, straightening up, moving, sinking, rising.

"Where would the house father talked about be? There's nothing to see here," said Julio.

"They must have ground it up," Manuel observed, pushing the horse.

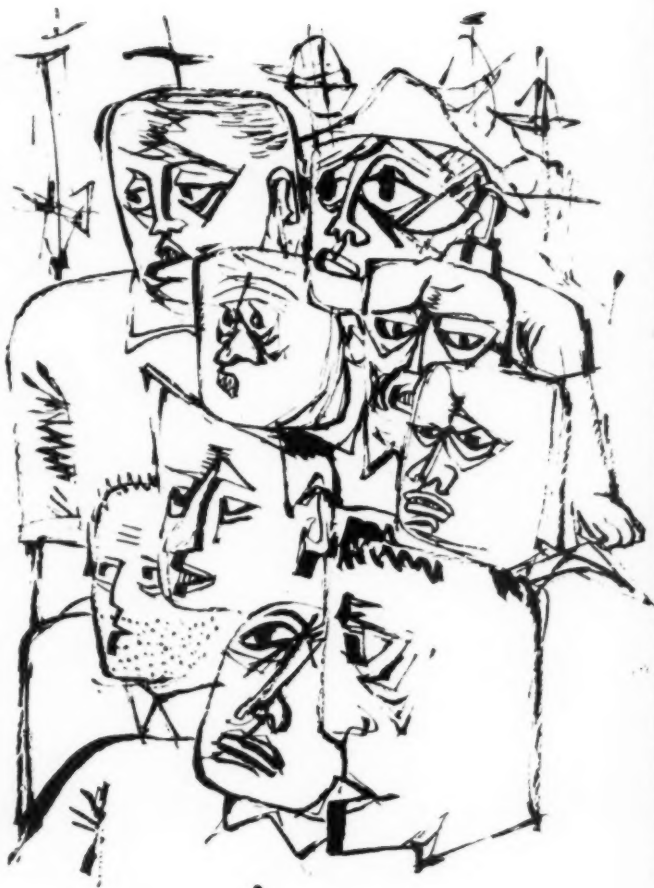
The village was not far off, and they didn't have to ask anybody anything. It was composed of a single street, three or four blocks long, and in the middle of it, filling it from side to side, a piece of the hill, which seemed to have moved over there, stirred with the same buzzing and eagerness. When they came near the human mass, Manuel and Julio braced themselves against a wall and burst out laughing, but the laugh died when the memory of the *Laments of the Soul* and their three hundred pesos returned. Julio, who was the more energetic of the brothers, since he was a sculptor who worked with hard rock, a man with strong hands and bulging biceps, suddenly felt angry. "We've got to do something," he exclaimed.

"But what?" asked Manuel, still choked with laughter.

"What these people are doing. If they're doing it, why don't we?"

"And the horse?"

"Bring it here."



He took the bridle and tied the end of it to a nearby tree. "You go in that way," he said, "and I'll go this way."

"And what will we do when we get inside?" Manuel asked, preparing to shove his way through.

"File a claim," shouted Julio, already swept into the human tide.

"A claim for what?" roared Manuel, struggling against some of the three hundred men who were fighting to enter or get out.

"A mining claim, stupid!" howled Julio, feeling hundreds of elbows, knees, hips, shoulders, legs, and feet pressing him, reducing him, trying to immobilize him. He heard Manuel asking, as if from under water. "And how much?" He shouted, "Everything!" to save breath, and continued to struggle. Sweat began to pour from his brow, and when he reached the narrow door, where the multitude was as dense as the ore, and where the friction, amid complaints, insults, and the panting of fatigue, was almost painful, he felt he was close, if not to fainting, at least to giving up and going back; but the memory returned once more—*Laments of the Soul*, waltz for piano—and he made a final effort and entered. Shoved backwards as soon as he was pushed forward, but gaining a little ground with each exchange, in half an hour

he reached the counter, behind which three sweating men in shirt sleeves were attending the throng.

"Me, me, me!" was the cry.

Dirty hands, hairy jaws, torn hats, unraveled sleeves, crumpled papers, ink spots, damp mustaches and lips, a smell of garlic, onion, wine, and sweat. Julio felt his stomach rising to his throat, but he forced it back: he couldn't waste time vomiting.

"Listen!" he roared, stretching his arm toward one of the employees.

The clerk came near. He was a thin man, already elderly; he was sweating and looking with tearful eyes through dirty, wire-rimmed glasses. You could see he was exhausted and angry.

"A claim, eh?" he shouted. You couldn't talk except by shouting.

"Yes, a claim!"

"Twenty pesos!"

The bills were damp. Julio took two and gave them to the clerk, receiving in exchange a sheet of paper with a seal on it.

"A pen, please," he bellowed.

The clerk handed him the pen, but that was not enough.

"What do I put here?"

Twenty men were asking the same thing, and many of them did not know how to write, and were loudly imploring someone to put down what was necessary, but no one was paying any attention to anyone else, and they were all pushing and bellowing.

"What you're going to claim," replied the clerk, using his hand for a megaphone, "and your name, address, age, and occupation."

What was it he wanted to claim? A shove landed him diagonally across from the clerk, who was besieged by forty hands and twenty tongues. What was it he was going to claim? A piece of land, there, on the black hill, but which part of the hill, in what direction, with what boundaries?

The clerk stepped forward. "Have you finished it?" he asked.

"No," replied Julio. "Tell me, how much can I claim?"

"Whatever you want—two, three, four blocks, it makes no difference."

"And what part will I draw?"

The clerk took off his eyeglasses, mopped his face with a handkerchief, blew his nose, and then inquired: "Do you see that?"

"That" was a column of sheets of sealed paper that was rapidly approaching the ceiling.

"Those are all claims," he cackled, "and they must be processed in order of arrival. What part will you get? It's hard to say, but it's possible it won't be in the center of the hill."

He walked away. Julio began to do some figuring.

"Well, I can ask for two, three, four blocks, whatever I want, but the people who made these claims also could ask for what they wanted. How many blocks would there be in the hill? Twenty, let's say forty at the most, and how many claims would there be in this pile? If there

are a thousand and each man asked for one block, that would be a thousand blocks, and if they did as I am thinking of doing, and claimed four blocks, that would be four thousand."

He felt as if something were moving under his feet.

"But the pile starts on the floor," he went on, "and already has reached the ceiling, and there must be at least three thousand claims. Three thousand claims: twelve thousand blocks. I will draw some place near Santiago," he murmured, ready to cry.

He let go of the pen and turned toward the door. Next to it he found Manuel.

"What's up?" his brother exclaimed, his face red and full of hope.

"Go back!" shouted Julio.

The throng expelled them smoothly and energetically.

"What happened, brother?"

"The hill is all gone."

They went out into the street. Julio was gloomy. Manuel astonished; as for the horse, he had disappeared. ♦ ♦ ♦



GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

- 3, 4, 5, 41, 42, 43 Leo Matiz
- 6, 7, 8 Heliodoro Torrente
- 16, 17, 18 Jan Schreuder
- 19 Courtesy Smithsonian Institution
- 21 No. 2, from *Textile Periods in Ancient Peru, III: The Gauze Weaves*, by Lila M. O'Neale and Bonnie Jean Clark—all others, courtesy Smithsonian Institution
- 28 U. S. Air Force
- 29 F. Adelhardt
- 30, 31 No. 1, Eliot Elisofon, courtesy Museum of Modern Art, New York—all others, courtesy Smithsonian Institution
- 40 José Gómez-Sicre
- 47 No. 1, courtesy Asiatic Petroleum Corporation—No. 2, courtesy Trident Films—Nos. 4 and 6, courtesy Grace Line—Nos. 5, 7, 9, courtesy Panagra

Inside back
cover Elizabeth Hibbs



URUGUAY: "The Builder and His Work," by Irwing S. Rossi, Colonia



CHILE: "The Spinner," by Alfonso Sutil Prieto, Santiago

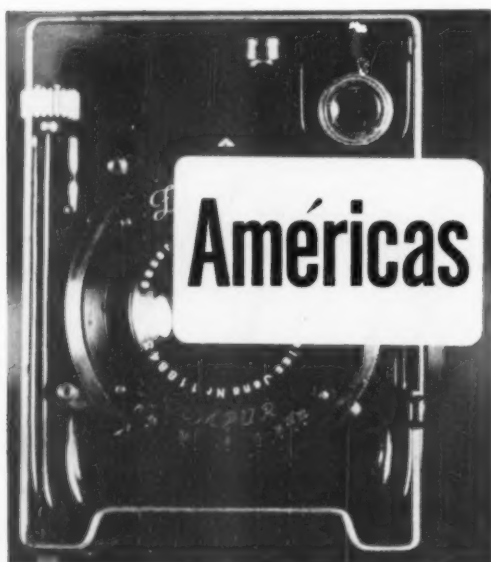
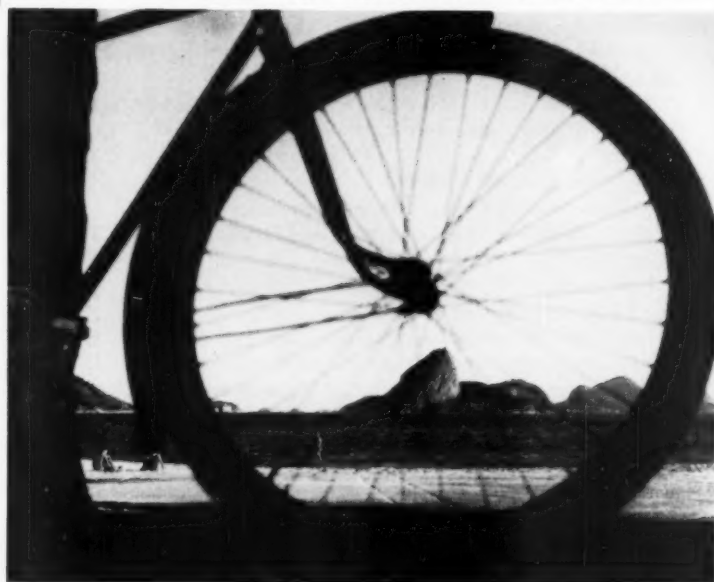


PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Wallace B. Alig

BRAZIL: "Sugar Loaf," by Marie Verao, Rio de Janeiro



BOLIVIA: "Tenderness," by Alberto Tardío Maida, La Paz

AMERICAS' FIRST AMATEUR Photography Contest turned up so many fine entries that the judges were hard put to it to select any national winners. It was even more difficult to award the grand prize. But when the contest closed on January 1, 1954, the judges put their heads together and chose the ones you see on the inside front cover and here. The judges were Scott Seegers, a professional photographer who has used his camera in every country of the Hemisphere; José Gómez-Sicre, art critic and head of the PAU visual-arts section, who has superintended various photo shows at the Pan American Union and is no mean cameraman himself; and I, a photography fan from the AMERICAS staff.

Thanks to the help of U.S. photo magazines, leading Hemisphere newspapers, photography clubs, dealers in North, South, and Central America, and several Latin American foreign ministries, reactions set in as soon as the first announcement appeared in the May 1953 edition. Queries about the contest were received from as far afield as Hong Kong and India. Notwithstanding the modest prizes—\$25 national awards and an additional \$75 grand prize—hundreds of entries poured in. Photographers from nineteen of the twenty-one OAS member countries—all except Haiti and the Dominican Republic—came through. We were obliged to disqualify the Nicaraguan and Paraguayan entrants for failure to comply with the rules, but their interest was deeply appreciated. Canadian and British West Indian entries were also regretfully rejected because those outposts of Britain have no OAS affiliation.

For the grand prize, we chose *Silver Miners*, by Michael Kosinski, because it seemed to combine all or most of the elements we were looking for. Attention is immediately focused on the subject matter through the triangular frame afforded by the beams in the foreground. The back-lighting gave an interesting chiaroscuro effect of persons seen under the peculiar conditions of a mine. This photo was also one of the most original: how many photographs are you acquainted with (except close-ups) of men in the depths of the earth? Add to this the fact that these silver miners are representatives of a trade practiced from one end of the Hemisphere to the other—whether digging coal out of the Alleghenies of West Virginia or tin from the Andes of Bolivia—and you have a theme of universal interest. Mr. Kosinski, a student at Mexico City College, tells us that, since this was his "first attempt in a photography contest, . . . the negative . . . is worth many times its weight in silver."

Composition also played an important part in the selection of *Andinismo* (Mountain Climbing), by José Vela, Jr., the Argentine prizewinner. Not only is the photo excellently printed, but the placement of the three climbers in the foreground and the interlocking diagonals of the background lead the eye gradually but swiftly to the mountain rim, thereby communicating the struggle to reach the top. A good use of diagonals is also reflected in *El Constructor y Su Obra* (The Builder and His Work), by Irwing S. Rossi of Colonia, Uruguay.

The human interest in *Ternura* (Tenderness), the Bolivian prize picture, appealed to us, while the shot of



CUBA: "Cigar Holder,"
by Domingo Ferrer
González, Remedios

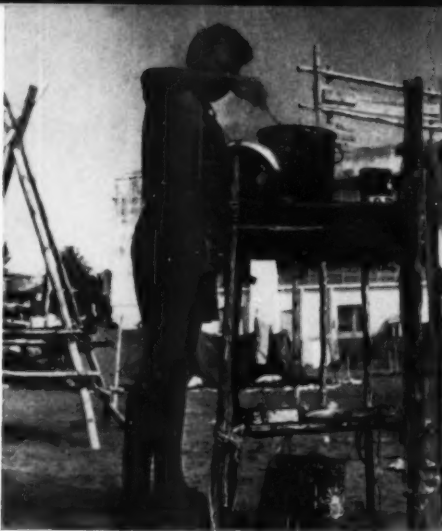


ARGENTINA: "Mountain Climbing,"
by José Vela, Jr., Mendoza



PUERTO RICO: "On Duty," by Tomás García Fuentes, San Juan

PERU: "The Little Fruit Seller," by Angel Valdivia Muñoz, Lima



U.S.A.: "Anticipation," by Edward Duda, Los Angeles, California

EL SALVADOR: "Sunset," by Juan Rodríguez N., Santa Ana



COLOMBIA: "A Country Fellow of Antioquia," by Huberto González González, Envigado

HONDURAS: "Herd of Sheep," by Amado Pelén, Tegucigalpa



PANAMA: "San Blas Wharf," by Joseph C. Motta, Albrook Air Force Base, Canal Zone

Rio's *Sugar Loaf* through a bicycle wheel from Niteroi, across the Bay, had a Daliesque, or Di Chirico, quality, with its tiny, slender isolated human figures against vast and lonely expanses of background. *Hilandera* (The Spinner), by Alfonso Sutil Prieto of Chile, is a fine portrait, and both *Campesino Antioqueño* (A Country Fellow of Antioquia) and *Rueda de Trabajo* (Work Wheel), the Colombian and Costa Rican prize winners, respectively, seemed refreshing switches on old, but typical, subjects. Here the South American farmer or cowboy is shown as a distinguished and prosperous figure, and the beautifully decorated wheel of the peasant's cart has been photographed for once with some of the dirt and mud it encounters in its everyday tasks. *Porta Fuma* (Cigar Holder), the photo of the little Cuban boy with the cigar—"He doesn't smoke them," his father, prizewinner Domingo Ferrer González assures us—caught our fancy because of the aptness of the stogie as a prop and the sincere displeasure on the child's face at finding himself in the circumstances under which he was photographed. He is an extremely photogenic little fellow, a reminder that Dennis the Menace types are not strictly U.S.

A sensitive use of contrast and light distinguished the winners from Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Panama, and Venezuela. *La Pequeña Fruterita* (The Little Fruit Seller), by Peruvian Angel Valdivia Muñoz, suggests the smoky effects of Henri Cartier-Bresson while demonstrating a splendid feeling for genre. *On Duty* won votes largely because of its subject matter: a Puerto Rican Boy Scout engaged in activities usually associated with his brothers on the mainland. To Edward Duda of Los Angeles went our admiration for the finest job of photo finishing encountered during the contest. His *Anticipation* is also an appealing and excellent example of photographing children, a widespread and highly developed hobby among parents in the United States.

Clearly, there were many different considerations in our selection of the winners. In some cases, one outstanding feature of a photograph, like composition, printing, subject matter, or lighting, was the decisive factor; in others, it was a combination or perhaps a fresh approach to a familiar theme. Whatever the circumstances, perhaps you have some new photographs and would like to try again in another competition. Won't you drop us a line and let us know how you feel about it? We will appreciate your suggestions. Address cards and letters to: Photo Contest Editor, AMERICAS, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C. ♦ ♦ ♦

Answers to Quiz on page 47

1. Jivaro; 2. Weaving; 3. Salinas; 4. Bolívar and San Martín; 5. More, because in far northern and southern latitudes part of the sky remains permanently below the horizon. On the Equator, seasonal changes bring the entire sky into view during the year; 6. Balsa; 7. Pancho Segura; 8. Tagua; 9. Panama; 10. Chimborazo (20,577 feet high).

GUATEMALA: "Ruins of San Francisco, Antigua," by Alfredo Broll, Guatemala City



ECUADOR: "Plaza de la Independencia," by Luis Echeverría B., Quito



COSTA RICA: "Work Wheel," by Mario Ramírez Segura, San José

VENEZUELA: "Avenues of the Americas," by Antonio Garnica, San Cristóbal



a word with

GENERAL HOOD



AFTER LEADING the recent "Wings for the Americas" goodwill flight of U.S. Air Force jet planes to eleven countries, Major General Reuben C. Hood came to Washington to report. General Hood—whose middle initial appropriately stands for "Columbus"—is Commander of the Caribbean Air Command, with headquarters at Albrook Air Force Base in the Panama Canal Zone. We met in a small conference room in the catacombs of the endless Pentagon Building to discuss details of the trip, which came about in response to a desire expressed by the Latin American countries to view modern U.S. military aircraft. In this first jet tour ever undertaken through the Western Hemisphere republics, the pilots' daring thrilled Americans from the Rio Grande to the River Plate.

The planes started from Texas, flew through Mexico and Central America, down the West Coast and up the East Coast of South America, to Ciudad Trujillo and Havana in the Caribbean, winding up in Tampa, Florida. Calling it a "leapfrog operation," General Hood explained how the conventional transport aircraft, carrying mechanics and spare parts between stops, both preceded and followed the jets, which for safety reasons flew in pairs. In this way, maintenance for the supersonic fighters was assured, for although the Venezuelan, Colombian, Chilean, Argentine, and Brazilian air forces use jets, facilities to accommodate them are few and far between over the vast distances of the Hemisphere. General Hood, a native of Atlanta, Georgia, who served in Asia during World War II, flew in the lead jet, a T-33 trainer, with Major Charles "Chuck" Yeager, the first man to penetrate the sound barrier, and who became the world's fastest flier when his Bell X-1A rocket plane attained a speed of 1,650 miles per hour last December. "I learned to fly a jet on this trip," General Hood explained. "With Chuck's help and my previous training, I was able to solo by the time we got around to Maracay, Venezuela."

At each stop on the tour, the feature performance was a demonstration of precision formation flying by the "Thunderbirds," the official USAF jet demonstration team, made up of Major Richard C. Catledge, twin brothers Captains C. A. and C. C. Pattillo, and Captain Robert S. McCormick.

As a team, the Thunderbirds in F-84 Thunderjets took off in a diamond formation employing four positions: Major Catledge was lead man, the twins were right and left wing men, and Captain McCormick was in the slot, the rear position and generally considered the hardest to fly. Together, at altitudes of five thousand feet and under, they flew their "birds" in "wifferrills" and "clover leaves," which in jet pilot jargon means "jet planes," "a kind of wing-over," and "a kind of turn," respectively. Another team composed of F-86F Sabrejets, led by Major Charles Bowers, had the job of breaking the sound barrier. One tragedy marred the tour when Captain Dean L. Ray, part of the jet contingent, "flamed out" (i.e., had a power failure) over Managua, Nicaragua. To avoid hitting the crowd of spectators, he flew into a tree and was killed. President Somoza immediately declared three days of national mourning, decorated the flier posthumously, and issued a new series of postage stamps bearing the Captain's portrait.

"What brought you people out to see you most, General?

Was it the demonstration of speed?"

"That would be hard to say. On the ground, people flocked to see the C-124 transport, the Globemaster. She was the queen of the show."

"You mean people were allowed to come close enough to the planes to touch them?"

"Oh, yes. We always set a number of planes apart at each airport for people to inspect personally. There wasn't a single instance of tampering or attempted souvenir gathering."

"How about safety conditions at your various stops?"

The general smiled and reached for a pack of cigarettes. "All the airports had pretty good crowd control," he said as he lit up. "The authorities cooperated marvelously, but crowd enthusiasm was too great for complete safety conditions at some stops. What worried us most was people getting too close to the jets' tail pipes. They generate heat up to six or seven hundred degrees Centigrade. Someone passing too close could be terribly burned."

"What about flying conditions? Is Latin America equipped for jet flying?"

"Some of the airports are fine, but others need longer runways, because jets require longer take-off space than conventional aircraft. Also, because of certain technical factors, jet flying demands airports close to sea level. That's why we didn't go into Bolivia, for example."

General Hood paused a moment, then said in his soft Southern accent, "You may be interested to know that half of the Latin American students learning to fly in the United States are being trained in jet aircraft. The U.S. Air Force is also teaching them to fly at our School for Latin Americans at Albrook Air Force Base in the Canal Zone."

Talk then turned to the unknown quantities of jet flying. "Under equal flying conditions, who will tire first—the flier of conventional aircraft or the pilot of the jet?" I asked. General Hood remarked that although, so far as he knew, no tests had been made to determine the answer, he felt that the jet pilot, in a ship easier to fly than a gasoline-powered plane, is under greater emotional and physical strain because of the speed. If anything goes wrong, he has to think faster to protect himself and others. "Instead of being able to jump out in a parachute," he said, "we have to press a button to eject ourselves out of the cockpit. That fact alone keeps us plenty keyed up."

"Is there any limit to speed?"

"Chuck Yeager says no. After you cross the barrier of sound, there's nothing to limit man except power and materials. I would say, therefore, that there is no immediate limitation on speed."

"To wrap things up, what, in your opinion, was the greatest significance of this successful first visit of U.S. jet fighters to Latin America?"

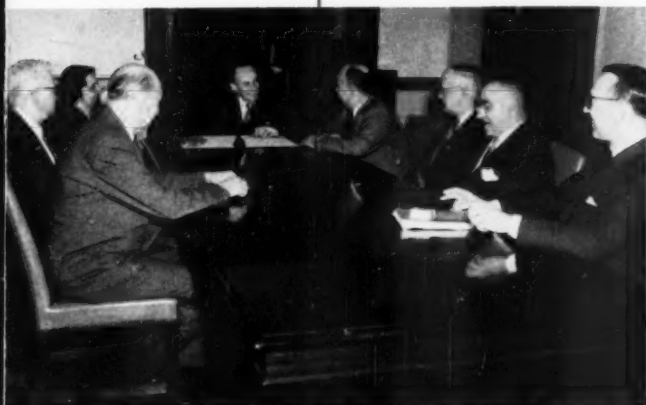
"The cordial reception. Our friends down there were just wonderful to us."

"If you had to make the trip over again, what suggestions, if any, would you make for its improvement?"

"More time. Twenty-nine days of operation, working sixteen hours a day without let-up, is tough. Also, it was the first trip down there for the other pilots, and they hardly got to see a thing. As far as I was concerned, I live in Panama and do a lot of traveling. I was air attaché to Brazil in 1948 and in 1950 headed the air section of the Joint Brazil-U.S. Military Commission at Rio. So I know Latin America pretty well. But for any future trip, I'd suggest more relaxation so our pilots could get to know the Latin Americans and their countries better."—W. B. A.

oas

FOTO FLASHES



On the occasion of the Tenth Session of the Executive Committee of the Inter-American Statistical Institute, members conferred with OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras (at head of table) in his office. On his left was the President of the Executive Committee, Dr. Roberto Vergara of Chile; with him, continuing around the table clockwise, were Vice Presidents Mr. Herbert Marshall of Canada and Dr. Luis E. Laso of Ecuador; IASI Secretary General Francisco de Abrisqueta; Dr. Amos E. Taylor, Director of the PAU Economic and Social Affairs Department and ex-officio member of the IASI Executive Committee; Mr. Halbert C. Dunn, former IASI Secretary General, now retired; and Miss Carmen A. Miró of Panama, Vice President.



To celebrate the one hundred and tenth anniversary of Dominican independence on February 27, Dr. Manuel de Moya, Ambassador of the Dominican Republic to the United States, and Mrs. de Moya (right) held a reception at the Pan American Union. Also in the receiving line were Dr. Horacio Vicioso, Dominican Minister Plenipotentiary in Washington, and Mrs. Vicioso (left) and Mrs. José Ramón Rodríguez, wife of the Ambassador of the Dominican Republic to the OAS.



Representing the Mexican-American Trade Exposition to be held May 10-30 in Mexico City at the new National University campus, a Mexican delegation visiting Washington called at the Pan American Union. They were received by Dr. Amos E. Taylor, Director of the PAU Department of Economic and Social Affairs (head of table, center), and travel division chief Francisco J. Hernández (to Dr. Taylor's right). The trade fair is sponsored by the Mexican Chamber of Commerce and the Mexican Government Tourist Bureau.



At the recent opening in the Pan American Union of a show of prints and watercolors by Francisco Otta, a Chilean artist born in Bohemia, Dr. Victor M. Vergara (left), Chilean Interim Representative on the OAS Council and Counselor of his country's Washington embassy, chatted with José Gómez-Sicre, chief of the Pan American Union visual arts section. This was Otta's first one-man show in the United States. His work has also been exhibited in South America, Europe, and Australia.

During the recent exhibition of her charcoal and crayon portraits at the Pan American Union, Ana María Rojo Oliver (left), Argentine artist, greeted a number of her compatriots, among them (from left) Dr. Carlos Alberto Cortina, Alternate Representative on the OAS Council; Mrs. José Carlos Vittone, wife of the Argentine Ambassador to the OAS; and Mrs. Cortina.



CIVILIZATIONS ON PARADE

(Continued from page 21)

tion and distribution of food and manufactured goods, organizing and directing labor for public works, was a systematic hierarchy of government officials headed by an absolute and divine ruler, the Sapa Inca. Socially, the citizens of the Inca Empire were divided into classes, each with well-defined duties and privileges. The life of the commoners was strictly regulated from birth to death, but in compensation all were guaranteed enough food to eat and the other necessities of life. Paralleling the civil hierarchy was a religious one headed by a close relative of the ruler. Huge temples and elaborate paraphernalia were dedicated to the service of the gods. This impressive cultural structure was built on a foundation of intensive agriculture. The coastal valleys were irrigated and the highland slopes terraced to produce the tremendous food supply that permitted the growth of the large population indispensable for the specialized crafts, social classes, hierarchy of government officials, and other features of Andean civilization.

An equally high level was attained in the Meso-American Area, extending from northern Mexico to Guatemala and El Salvador and tapering off along the western parts of Honduras and Nicaragua. In the Valley of Mexico and in the forests of lowland Guatemala and Yucatan lie the ruins of impressive structures. Here, as in Peru, the accounts of the conquistadors supplement the archeological record and furnish details of the political, social, and religious life. In the capital of the Aztecs, on the site of modern Mexico City, the Spaniards were dazzled by the gold and the jadeite, the bustling markets, the richly dressed officials, and the gleaming white temples rising on pyramids high above the surrounding city. They were horrified, however, by the blood-incrusted shrines and the racks of skulls attesting to frequent human sacrifice in propitiation of the powerful Aztec gods. The Aztec Empire was not a political unit like that of the Incas, but rather a confederation of tribes subdued by the Aztecs. These vassal tribes nourished a resentment against their conquerors that made them quick to help the Spaniards defeat the Aztec armies.

In contrast to the flamboyant and warlike Aztecs, the Maya of Guatemala and Yucatan seem calm and scholarly. Most Maya remains consist of temples and public buildings, often decorated with ornate murals and sculpture, and pillars or stelae and other monuments bearing dates and inscriptions. Although their glyphic writing is only partially deciphered, we know that the Maya made detailed observations of the planets and stars and developed a calendar correlated with the phases of the sun and moon that was more accurate than the one used in contemporary Europe. Their mathematical knowledge was unequalled in the New World. These intellectual pursuits were limited to the upper class, especially the priests. The common people tilled the fields, quarried stone, erected buildings, and supplied the upper class with tribute of crops, textiles, forest products, and strings of jadeite and coral beads. Considering the high quality of the stone carving, textile weaving, fresco paint-

Zapotec funerary urn,
sample of handicraft skill
of highly complex Meso-
American civilization



Stylized jadeite figurine
carved in southeastern
Mexico in 168 A.D.



Ceremonial stool or table from Pacific Coast of Nicaragua



Squash-shaped vessel
of Mochica Period
(700-1000 A.D.) from
north coast of Peru



Aztec mythological
figure holding fish,
1200 to 1521 A.D.

Figurine molds,
probably religious
talismans, from
Valley of Mexico
(700-900 A.D.)





Feathered poncho of the Nazca civilization in Peru



Maya sculptured pottery in low and high relief (500-800 A.D.) was unequalled by other Indian cultures



Eagle (above) and frog (left) are typical metal objects from Central America



Chiriquí pottery like this was being turned out in Panama when Spaniards arrived in 1502



Clay burial urn from Marajó Island in Brazil



Plate painted in zoomorphic design of several colors. Coclé culture of Panama, Circum-Caribbean area

ing, wood carving, basketry, and pottery-making, it is probable that at least some of the best products were the work of specialists. The Maya had neither empire nor confederation; they were divided into city-states dominated by religious leaders, which were independent politically but allied by their common language and culture.

In both the Andean and Meso-American Culture Areas, the archeological sequence can be traced back several thousand years, to the time when neither was very different from the Marginal Area. After the introduction of agriculture, the people adopted a village life similar to that of the Tropical Forest Area. In time the populations expanded, arts and crafts were perfected, and ceremonialism began to play a more important part, much as it did in the Circum-Caribbean Area. Further advances in social and political organization and in technical skills produced the civilizations of the Andean and Meso-American Culture Areas. So these culture areas of Latin America also represent steps to civilization.

In the climb no tribe or area had to make its way alone. Pottery vessels, gold objects, and stone for making axes or ornaments were traded back and forth. But even where objects or raw materials were not exchanged, ideas and discoveries were disseminated by contact from tribe to tribe. Although this was an unorganized and unconscious process, it had very important results. The new-found knowledge of agriculture spread, and as it passed along, new plants were brought under domestication. Some archeologists believe that pottery-making also had a single origin from which it spread far and wide. Many other tools and techniques, including blow guns, hammocks, the bow and arrow, metallurgy, spinning, and weaving, were also probably invented only once. They gradually fanned out over whole culture areas, and sometimes into adjacent regions. In each region these ideas were combined with others in different ways, frequently modified, occasionally refined or improved.

With the European Conquest and colonization of the New World after 1492, this evolution of the aboriginal culture areas came to an end. The culture-area divisions are now criss-crossed by national boundaries, which frequently unite under one government very different aboriginal cultures and environments.

If we are sometimes discouraged by the differences among us today, we can hark back to those aboriginal peoples, who were divided by far greater linguistic, religious, and political diversity. We may be separated by linguistic barriers, yet we have substituted four main languages for the several thousand that were spoken in South America alone before the Conquest. To our common heritage from the culture of the New World, we have also added the unifying features of one predominant religion—Christianity—and similar forms of government.

One situation that has not altered, however, is the environmental diversity that was the major cause of the differing development of the culture areas of Latin America in prehistoric times. So in spite of the tendencies toward uniformity created by modern technology, the Americas will retain their interesting diversity of culture.

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points of view



I LIKE THEM, I LIKE THEM NOT

WHAT MAKES life worth the trouble? In his weekly column in the Brazilian magazine *Manchete*, published in Rio, Fernando Sabino recently took inventory of trivia in his own daily existence.

"Recently I set down in this column a list of little things that displease me, and some of them brought baffled comments from my readers. 'Why don't you like to go to the legitimate theater?' they ask, for instance. Well, I don't because, unlike the movies, the theater demands your presence at a certain time and place; you must stay put in your seat; you must applaud; and there are intermissions. Why don't I like to go to the beach? Because the beach would be much nicer if instead of sand the ground were covered with tiles, if a marquee were there to shelter one from the sun, if there were tables, chairs, and a waiter—and if you felt no obligation to take a dip in the water. Why don't I like the cap on my toothpaste tube? Because it always slips from my hand and falls into the drain, and it's a chore to get it out again; to begin with, you can't even find a hairpin.

"And so forth: many things annoy one intermittently, creating a small daily hell, and I was far from listing

them all. I didn't, for example, say that I don't like to lend books, or hear the noise of buzz-saws on construction jobs; nor did I mention alabaster vases, traveling by jitney, birthday parties, one-cruzeiro bills, a busy line on the telephone, a Spanish translation, being called 'sir,' bank-tellers' windows, tax stamps, formal balls, fish forks, velvet, chewing gum, black-bordered envelopes, visiting cards, damp towels, moron jokes, the smell of ammonia, frozen butter, brilliantine, restaurants where the tip is included in your bill, taxi drivers who say 'Just pay whatever you think is right,' sweepstake races, hanging clothes on hangers, weddings, one's face in the mirror every morning, a watch that's stopped, a pen without ink, a filled ashtray, paying your check at the cashier's desk, newspapers that say 'Continued on page 3, section II,' being forced to eat a piece of birthday cake, notices like 'Be Brief,' 'Don't Bother Those Who Are Working,' 'Not Responsible for Packages.'

"On the other hand, here is a list of things I do like, things that help to make up what optimists like to call 'joy of living':

"A rainy day when you don't have to go out; opening a brand-new book; not having to shave; not owning an

automobile; having friends who do own automobiles; getting off an airplane; meeting the humanist Alceu Amoroso Lima unexpectedly; not having to go to the soccer game because your club isn't playing that day, and having, therefore, a free Sunday; going to the kitchen and finding out there will be pastry for dinner, and eating two pieces right then and there; receiving a letter you don't have to answer; wearing pajamas and slippers; being offered a cup of coffee just when you're about to ask for it; being recognized by a waiter; moving furniture around; being able to cancel an appointment; wooden floors; five o'clock Mass; street peddlers; the middle third of a piece of toast cut in three; a bench on the boardwalk or in a park; Eno's Fruit Salt; drugstore scales; empty churches; paying the last installment; a hotel room at night after a tiring day; thumbing through old magazines; gangster films; managing to arrive on time; reading in bed; visiting the composer Jayme Ovalle; having enough change in your pocket; the sentence 'I have good news for you'; empty movie houses; running Brazil down; spotting your name in print without having to read the rest of the text; the day before you go off on a trip; cashews; finding out that it's still early enough to have one more drink; learning that the writers Emilio Moura or Murilo Rubião have just arrived in town; reaching out and finding an ashtray; steering clear of politics; having read *War and Peace*, *The Odyssey*, and *Don Quixote*; visiting the São Bento Monastery; being Dr. Pedro Nava's patient; being friends with the psychiatrist Hélio Pellegrino, just in case; spending all day Saturday in shorts and no shoes; having a change of clothes every day; complaining of your ailments to understanding and sympathetic people; making plans for next year; writing your last word and going to bed; dreaming of Marlene Dietrich; discussing literature; orange juice in the morning; the fellows on *Diário Carioca*; not having to go on a diet; Italian food; riding on streetcars; little birds; watching the sun rise after a good night's sleep; not being a poet of the 1945 generation; not having to submit to high-school exams any more; knowing the meaning

of 'Jansenism'; a good ripe banana; drinking beer with Amílcar de Castro, the sculptor; playing cards against Dr. João de Lima Pádua; having plenty of cigarettes and matches around; being a famous soccer player's friend; being a guest of Lourdes Lessa's; getting a long-distance call through immediately; a new cake of soap; the fact that 'saudade' [nostalgia] is still the prettiest word in Portuguese; being through with the dentist for the time being; hot water; being able to leave without saying goodbye; making a list of small things I like."

LO, THE POOR CONSUMER

THE HUCKSTERS' APPROACH is the same up and down the Hemisphere. Here is a Uruguayan viewpoint on the effects of their clamor, quoted from the column "Junto a la Ventana" (By the Window), signed "Marianne," which appears in *Mundo Uruguayo*, a Montevideo weekly:

"It is just as necessary to fight incredulity as credulity," said a philosopher of our time. Don't these few words contain one of the keys to our society? Don't they define the midway point from which we must judge life and its most important events? . . . A thousand voices surround us, trying to attract our attention and win our favor. Is it harmful to listen continually to this clamor?

"We believe that the way our environment affects us depends on our previous experience and even on what we have rejected in the past. Actually, we are the prisoners of many competing interests. In the street, in the home, at shows, wherever we go, our personality is constantly being shaped, whether we like it or not, by outside influences entering through crevices left by our own nature, not by our epoch. It is natural that channels of propaganda have multiplied as rapidly as man's needs and goals. But fortunately the intrinsic qualities of a man still determine whether the abundance and eloquence of these media shall keep him from knowing what he should do, think, and hope for.

"We won't deny that the instigators of all these influences may be highly representative of this particular moment in history. They are continually

looking for the most convincing methods to sway us, and although their prodding may appear objectionable, we don't reject it, partly because we have become adaptable and partly because most of it shows us what we want to see and tells us what we want to hear. We certainly want to be informed, so that we won't have to go shopping for any item, large or small, without the help of previously considered information, explanations, and comparative statements. Advertisers act on the assumption that they are dealing with an intelligent consumer who will remember and recognize what he has been promised.

"It would make quite a painting . . . to show hundreds of messages being aimed at an individual, regardless of his purchasing power, and casting their multicolored reflections on him. Would he be overwhelmed or would he continue calmly on his course? If the artist could find a way to express it,

the man would display the ideal balance between absolute unbelief and overcredulity. In other words, he would be capable of grappling with the eternal contradictions that are a mark of our time.

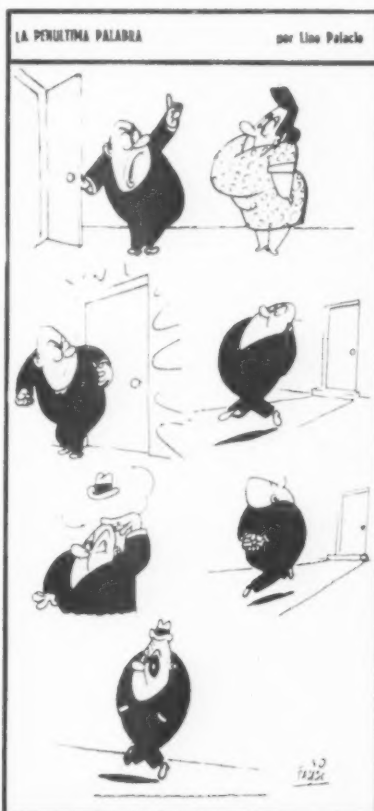
"Not long ago there was talk of a unique experiment in which a child was to be protected from birth against the climatic and microbial influences that ordinarily affect the human organism. The purpose, as we remember, was to determine whether any natural defenses would be built up when none of the known enemies were present. As far as possible, the child was to lead an aseptic life, with everything from the air he breathed to the food he ate channeled through laboratories. If that experiment had been continued long enough to yield any conclusive results, which is unlikely for obvious reasons, his situation would have been similar to that of an individual placed in the hands of a sociologist at a tender age and shielded from all propaganda. In both cases, the result would be a person incapable of defending himself and surviving in the world as it actually is.

"The dose of credulity in this imaginary individual would match the predisposition to illness and infection in the subject of the other experiment. Only through judgment acquired over the years can we decide what is worthwhile and what is flimsy among the offerings set before us."

PORT OF THIRTY-THREE HILLS

WITH THEIR steep hills, cable cars, and ever-present vistas of the sea, San Francisco and Valparaíso, Chile, bear such a strong resemblance to each other that Chilean sailors often refer to them as "Pancho" and "Panchito." This profile of Valparaíso by Guillermo Quinónez appeared in the monthly bulletin of Chile's Instituto Nacional, a boys' school:

"The origin of the various regions of the earth has been thoroughly explained by science, poetry, and theology. . . . Greece was created through the love of gods and goddesses; England by the fury of Neptune when he learned that the Sirens forgot him on the day the Great Ocean was born; Spain by the Christian God; the Nordic countries by the night so it could have the colorful northern lights



"The Last Word." Cartoon by Argentine Lino Palacio from *Mundo Uruguayo*, Montevideo

sparkling on its breast; Arabia by the blue-gray winds because they were tired of being used as camels to carry sands for shaping the five continents.

"Our planet has been labeled, measured, explored inside and out. But there is a place in South America . . . that has not been adequately revealed to the world by science, novels, poetry, painting, movies, music, or metaphysics . . . [although] it has been an inspiration to writers, an enticement to adventurers, a stopping place for pirates, a seaport dreamt of by the sailors of the world's fleets. . . . Its name is Valparaíso.

"The spot where it stands undoubtedly appeared with the first seas, and therefore its origin is described only in moth-eaten fabrications. Residents of the flat part of the city deny these, but we who live on its hills believe them. According to one legend, Valparaíso resulted from a celestial cataclysm. Huge broken stars fell into the sea and gave rise to the hills that form the city. Another tale has it that some drowned sailors (all of whom, according to an old Breton legend, come back to life every ten centuries) were revived near where the port is now located. Not finding any land, in desperation they lifted up part of the ocean floor, and since they were of different heights and energies, some of the hills were higher than others. . . .

"Descriptions of the face and the spirit of Valparaíso are always vague and elusive. The trite comment that people here are less artificial than the residents of Santiago doesn't clarify anything. Actually, the man of the Valparaíso hills has been shaped into an anarchist by the desperate nihilism of the geological surroundings in which he is born, lives, and dies.

"Valparaíso is a separate country within Chile—a country with numerous peoples, all different. . . . The Chilean writer Enrique Bello described it as a port with thirty-three hills. . . . Each has its own architecture, . . . its own color by day and by night, its own climate. Rheumatism is cured on that broad one, tuberculosis on the high one, and heart trouble on this one right here. Just as varied are the people who go down twice a day from the hills to the lower city, burying themselves in their work, hiding their in-

dividual way of speaking, posing as bourgeoisie. . . .

"Many homes are built over ravines, with narrow stilts supporting house, porch, and occupants. 'I have studied the resistance of materials for forty years,' said a French engineer who visited the port, 'but after seeing the structures on the hills of Valparaíso, I realize that even after all my research and experience I know very little.' The houses on stilts are a hundred years old and have withstood two earthquakes.

"In a Valparaíso house, large or small, you have the feeling that something contraband is about to appear.

Even at a funeral there are intimate, secret consultations. If visitors come unexpectedly and the owners of the house ask their youngest daughter to bring more bread or wine, she carries them hidden under her apron. If a housewife buys a broom in the business section, she has it wrapped in paper so that the passersby and the neighbors won't know what she is carrying. . . .

"I'll leave the streets and alleys, the ups and downs, the corners and the curves in the roads to the painters of America and of the world or to the sensitive and talented movie makers. . . .

"Valparaíso . . . is tragic and secre-



Roland's scenes of daily life: Husband returning home with friends after a day at the office declares, "When a woman marries, she must quit work. I, for example, wouldn't think of letting mine lift a finger."—From *Manchete*, Rio de Janeiro

tive, like ink that cannot reveal its own message. It is a lyric to the visitor who sees it at midday from a bench in Victoria Plaza, a postcard to the sight-seer who takes a cable car up Alegre Hill to look at the sea, a picturesque spot to the young lady who, because of the talent and energy of her Indian-killing ancestors, can drive her car to the Bar Rolland to admire the blond sailors from the north as they drink their Pilsener.

"Valparaíso has two nights on its summits: one for dreams and one for vigils. . . . The port begins to live when its people have gone back to their respective hills and regained their individuality. When the night has come out of the ravines and gorges, or even later, when the roosters of Toro Hill send out their first cock-a-doodle-doo and are answered by their yellow relatives on Santo Domingo Hill."

SLUM CLEARANCE IN LIMA

THIS STORY of an important milestone in Peru's campaign to put better roofs over the heads of its low-income families comes from the pages of the popular national magazine *Cahui*:

"The Puente del Ejército Housing Center is an engineering triumph all Peruvians can be proud of. . . . The speed with which these new quarters in the '27 de Octubre' section of Lima have gone up has given the lie to those who doubted the ability of Peruvian builders to match the prowess of their U.S. counterparts. . . .

"The work was done for the National Health and Social Welfare Fund by a private firm headed by Julio Becerra. Thanks to a mass-production system, it was possible to build an average of three houses a day. The people of this former slum area were fascinated by the rapid progress; the cement was poured in the morning, the main walls went up at midday, and by evening the finishing touches were being put on the second stories and the roofs. . . .

"It was no easy task to build 163 new houses so quickly. . . . for the site was covered by the shacks of hundreds of poor families. These people and their modest possessions could not be thrown out into the open while the construction went on. Their huts had to be constantly moved around as the

work progressed, which involved a considerable loss of time.

"The place had been one of those dismal districts where children grow up without green grass to play on and where housewives lack even the most elementary facilities. The wood and galvanized-iron hovels offered no comforts whatsoever. In addition to replacing these dwellings, the company had to level off the land and provide water supply and drainage systems, plumbing, electricity, sidewalks, and so on. . . .

"The strong, sanitary structures were built for fifteen thousand soles apiece [about nine hundred dollars], an incredibly low figure, especially during this inflationary period when prices are up on all construction materials. Not even prefabricated houses (which are too small to be used in developments of this sort) could be built for this price, which is less than the value of a good used car. Mr. Becerra's speedy and economical methods will be used in future housing projects. The National Health and Social Welfare Fund has entrusted him with building a total of 526 low-cost dwelling units in that same section of Lima. . . .

"The plans for the Puente del Ejército Housing Center were drawn up by Carlos Dunkelberg, one of the Fund's architects. . . . with an eye to providing a maximum of strength, comfort, air, natural light, and space. Each dwelling unit has a living room, dining room, kitchen, bathroom, rear patio, and one, two, or three bedrooms. The families to occupy the completed units were chosen by lot. . . .

"The day President Manuel A. Odría officially turned the houses over to them, the lucky families held joyful celebrations. One of the three-bedroom units went to fifty-eight-year-old Alfredo Mazzei, a poor white-collar worker with eight children. 'It's like heaven,' Mr. Mazzei told our reporter. For many years the family lived under a tin roof without light or conveniences of any kind.

"He had watched bitterly as his children languished in the cramped, unhealthy quarters. Barely able to meet his family's most pressing needs with his monthly income, he had no hope of being able to rent a comfort-

¡Qué artista!...

por LANDRU



— ¿Usted que es escritor qué libro me recomienda para poner debajo de una mesa Luis XV que tiene una pata cortal?

"As a writer, what book would you recommend for putting under a Louis XV table that has one leg short?"

— Landru in *Contingente*, Buenos Aires.

able apartment, much less of having a chance to buy a house. And his worry had deepened into panic as the years steadily diminished his power to raise his income. He couldn't believe his ears when he heard of the Center.

"The houses were sold to the families at cost. They make small monthly payments, which include mortgage insurance, introduced for the first time in Peru. Under this insurance, the property is automatically turned over, free and clear, to the family if the father dies or is unable to work. . . .

"According to Mr. Becerra, the present building boom in Peru is due principally to the present administration's public-works projects. Up to a few years ago, construction firms were in difficulties because the small amount of private building did not meet their operating expenses. But thanks to the present large-scale projects and to a new bidding system, even the smaller firms are doing well, contributing both to the material progress of the country and to the solution of its social problems. For by giving steady employment to thousands of laborers and white-collar workers and providing a steady market for domestic building materials, they are strengthening the national economy."



books

HOW GOOD IS A TRANSLATION?

Fernando Alegría

THE MAN WHO SAID, "Translations are like women: when they're beautiful they're not faithful, and when they're faithful they're not beautiful"—was he rejoicing in a clever play on words or thinking of the profound truth that it suggests without actually expressing? That is, the fact that every translator must be in love with the work he is translating. For that is how I understand the analogy between women and translations. A translation must be an act of love if it is to be a work of art.

In practice, as we know, translations of this kind are not plentiful; on the contrary, most of those that reach the large public not only are not an act of love but seem actually to be an act of hate, so unfaithful, careless, and insipid are they. Why is this so? Perhaps it has something to do with the extraordinary importance the art of translating has taken on in our time. A U.S. best-seller, thanks to mass production and distribution of books, reaches bookstores in all the four corners of the earth within a few months of its publication. Magazines, newspapers, the radio, movies, convince the public that a given book has become the major topic of conversation among all civilized peoples. Then this public demands a translation, and publishers comply at once. If it is a novel, the appearance of the translation sometimes coincides with the release of the movie based on it. How many translations of *Wuthering Heights*, *Rebecca*, *Gone With the Wind*, were published in this fashion? The publisher is aware that in such a rapid and spectacular process of diffusion the risks are multiple: there is not only the danger that the translation will be poor but also the risk of editorial piracy. But he cannot remedy the situation, because that is how the literary machinery operates nowadays: the best-seller is like a tornado, which no

one and nothing can stop once it is in motion. The interesting thing is that alongside the profession of "author of best-sellers" there now exists that of "translator of best-sellers."

In John E. Englekirk's 1944 bibliography of U.S. works translated into Spanish, it may be observed that in a single year over thirty volumes of Walt Disney stories were published in Argentina. As many more have been devoted in recent times to the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Ellery Queen, Mickey Spillane. Leaf through the catalogues of Jackson, Austral, Aguilar, or Zig-Zag and you will be astonished at how many U.S. books, good and bad alike, have been translated into Spanish in the last few years. The publishers of certain pocket libraries provide the bookseller with their own picturesque display racks, so that if you enter a bookstore in Mexico you feel as if you were in a U.S. drugstore—there are all the Penguins and their relatives. That most of these translations are abominable needs no saying. But it is only fair to add that Faulkner, O'Neill, Steinbeck, Richard Wright, James T. Farrell, Hemingway, Saroyan, Gertrude Stein, Waldo Frank, Dreiser, Caldwell, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, have had the good fortune to fall into the hands of honorable translators, and thus can be read in Spanish with their original merits unimpaired. Writers who might be called classics of U.S. literature number among their translators some of the most illustrious figures in Spanish and Spanish American literature: Emerson was translated by González Blanco; Hawthorne by Martínez Sierra; Longfellow by Olegario Andrade, J. T. Medina, and others; Poe by Gómez de la Serna, Hernández Catá, Carlos Obligado, Cansino-Assens; Whitman by Vasseur, León Felipe, Torres-Rioseco; Mark Twain by Fernández MacGregor and Ernesto Montenegro.

Besides such translators there are those paid by the word or page, many of whom are responsible for the nonsense that circulates in Spain and Spanish America under the name of translations. I knew one who was dictating one translation and doing another right on the typewriter; he deserved a prize, to be sure, but as a circus acrobat. What grieved me most was to learn how much he was being paid: less than ten dollars for a novel. In order to live he had to translate, and translate fast. If he was pressed for time, he translated Hemingway from the French, a language that came easier to him. It is pertinent to say here, and I believe everyone knows, that the great majority of "direct" translations into Spanish from Russian, German, and English are really translations of the French translation. So long as Spanish-language publishers do not choose translators carefully and respect their status as literary creators, the public will continue to be victimized by such falsifications; and the way to "respect" the translator is, naturally, to pay him in accordance with his merits.

Among the good Spanish translators are some who penetrate so deeply into the meaning of a work that, instead of translating it, they paraphrase it and make it their own. This is the case with the famous adaptations of León Felipe. Is it justifiable? I think so, provided the reader is informed of what is going on. León Felipe does so both in his prefaces and in statements to the press.

Poetry, of course, will always be difficult to translate, even today when poets scorn meter. A poet like Pablo Neruda, who appears free of all traditional rhetoric, is perfectly rhythmical in three fourths of his *Canto General*. If his translator manages to reproduce the rhythm, how is he to reproduce the assonances? Angel Flores has translated Neruda admirably, yet most critics in the United States and England have proved hostile to the Chilean poet's work, demonstrating a lack of understanding of both his essence and his regional tone. U.S. translators have tried to put some of the ballads of García Lorca into English, and the result has been deplorable. García Lorca in English sounds like a guitar with strings made of hemp. All the suggestive and evocative charm of his vocabulary is lost; there remains only a collection of strange, unconnected nouns floating about unsure of where they belong. On the other hand, poetry like that of Carrera Andrade, which is direct and concrete even in its imagery, sounds just as well in English when translated by someone of the stature of Muna Lee. The work of H. R. Hays, in his *12 Spanish American Poets*, is comparable.

Spanish American novelists have not been as lucky as the poets. The U.S. translator usually feels obliged to cut and "edit"; because of publishers' demands, I suppose. A good illustration is the Argentine Eduardo Mallea's *The Bay of Silence* (in Spanish, *La Bahía de Silencio*). Many U.S. critics were disconcerted by what they considered the author's inconsistencies, until one discovered that scores of pages from the original were missing, which the translator had judged superfluous. Some may think the novel gained by this omission. But that is not the question; the question is how far the

publisher has a right to demand that a translator condense, cut, and correct. I do not deny that a novel may be improved by the cuts and adaptations of a skillful translator, but the responsibility he assumes is enormous, and the public deserves to be notified. Nor do I discount the difficulties faced by the translator of a Spanish American regional novel. How can he reproduce word for word the meaty descriptions of landscape in which it abounds? If he tries, he must then find in English names for animals, plants, and trees that will give the reader a sense of the local color and not a lesson in botany or zoology. But his most formidable task is translating dialect and the slang of certain social classes. There are Spanish American works I should not hesitate to call masterpieces that can never be appreciated by a reader unfamiliar with the common speech of the countries where they were written; for example, the *Cuentos de Cipotes* of the Salvadorean Salarrué. Fortunately, some of the same author's *Cuentos de Barro* can be translated into English without losing their stylistic charm and their subtle humor, as is proved by Harriet de Onís' translation of "*La Botija*" ("The Jug").

The translator must also be capable of feeling—for it is a matter of feeling—when a phrase that sounds perfectly natural in Spanish will sound shoddy to an English-speaking reader. There are things said in Spanish and Portuguese that simply are not said in English. They are done in every country, of course, but not said, or if they are it is in another way. Many pages of high lyric merit in *Don Segundo Sombra* are "corny" in English. And what of *La Vorágine* (*The Vortex*), which in translation reads like an opera libretto? And so realistic an author as the Brazilian Jorge Amado sounds romantic and sentimental in many pages of *The Violent Land* (the English version of his *Terras do Sem Fim*).

Of course, one always wonders why U.S. publishers and translators insist on sticking to novels that deal with the gaucho or the Indian and that contain a big dose of romantic regionalism. They forget that Buenos Aires, Mexico City, Rio, Lima, and Santiago are cities of more than a million inhabitants, true modern monsters where life is as rich, complex, and passionate as in any of the European capitals or large U.S. cities, and that a kind of novel-writing has developed in them that is abundant in social and psychological themes. Thus it is self-defeating that there is nothing in English of Eduardo Barrios or Miguel Angel Asturias (say, his *Señor Presidente*) or Arévalo Martínez or José Rubén Romero (his *La Vida Inútil de Pito Pérez* has been translated, but the anthology in which it appeared, *Fiesta in November*, was never reprinted after the first edition was exhausted). Younger novelists like Manuel Rojas, Pareja Diezcanseco, Carlos Luis Fallas, José Revueltas (*Días Terrenales*), also await a translator.

I have always believed that U.S. universities could do much toward preparing good translators. The teacher who familiarizes his student with the crowning works of Hispanic literature ought to impress upon him the need for translating with love and intelligence—not only with a social aim and for possible, though remote, profit, but

as an art, a pleasure, and a means of clinching and broadening the knowledge of the language he has acquired in the classroom. If one looks at present-day Spanish American literature, how is it possible that the works of Gabriela Mistral have not yet been translated into English? Is it because there is no market for such things? This business of a market for books is very relative. The public sometimes surprises the "specialists" who pride themselves on knowing its tastes, and it is not unusual for a Spanish-language publisher to recoup with Mark Twain all the money he lost on a Kinsey Report.



THREE LATIN AMERICAN ARTISTS

FOR SOME TIME there had been a dearth of material published in Latin America on art and artists, but during the past year there appeared luxuriously printed books on two noteworthy painters—the Brazilian Lasar Segall and the Argentine Raquel Forner—and a voluminous portfolio of the latest work of the young Ecuadorean Oswaldo Guayasamín.

These three artists work in very different ways, but all within the mood of expressionism that seems to prevail in modern Latin American art. Segall, born in northern Europe and trained in Germany in the years before World War I, has brought to the country he adopted thirty years ago the melancholy of Slavic art. With his participation in the First Modern Art Week in São Paulo in 1923, his struggle against academicism, and his high rank as a painter, he has made a decisive contribution to the progress of art in Brazil. The detailed text of *Lasar Segall*, written by P. M. Bardi, director of the São Paulo Museum of Art, carefully traces the artist's development from his beginnings in Europe to his most recent Brazilian works, and is complemented by 196 reproductions in color and black-and-white. In his present painting Segall deals with national themes, produces canvases of almost mural dimensions, and is preoccupied mainly with a search for plastic values, but, as the reproductions make plain, his German work was conceived more rigorously, without the softening touches that today reduce its scope. In his sculpture, however, Segall retains the emotional intensity and enterprise of his German period, not tempering his message or trying to diminish it for popular consumption.

Raquel Forner presents examples of this artist's work in chronological order from 1928 to 1952, accompanied by an extensive text by the critic Jöan Merli. With few exceptions, the Argentine's work is a graphic portrayal of desolation, anguish, frustration. She movingly describes a disturbed world through symbols that convey a direct and clearly perceptible message. In her painting, Raquel Forner assails destruction, force, war, but her struggle is invested with very feminine tenderness. Her favorite symbols are amputated hands, plaster torsos, wheat, plains, seeds, cliffs of sterile rock, dry logs.

If that were all, we could call it the work of an illustrator, a poster artist. But these symbols are treated with a plasticity that is a language in itself, used with con-



Weeping Women, by Ecuadorean Oswaldo Guayasamín



Lasar Segall painting of horses is reminiscent of Chagall



fidence and skill. Raquel Forner cannot be linked with surrealism, because the problems she tries to face in her art come not from the subconscious but from a vehement, passionate, profoundly Spanish consciousness, somewhat like that of Valdés Leal. Hers is a poetic realism, dealing in metaphors, that does not strain for surprise. The symbols that convert her ideas into concrete expression are set down in a technique of heavily applied color, flamelike brush strokes, and ascending vertical compositions that in the attenuation of the figures recall the most subjective period of El Greco.

Huacayñan, the Guayasamín portfolio, is subtitled *El Camino del Llanto* (The Way of Tears). It has an introductory study by the essayist Benjamín Carrión and a number of opinions by various writers, all provided with English translations. The pictures—which are reproduced very clearly, though with one exception only in black-and-white—have been planned with a certain unity. With no attempt to be descriptive, or rather narrative, they are a presentation of diverse aspects of the Ecuadorean scene.

In his detailed analysis of Guayasamín, Carrión points out the precedents and possible sources on which the artist has drawn and the inevitable chronological coincidences. The result, however, is not altogether clear, and the reproductions themselves show Guayasamín to be perhaps too discursive and unintegrated in purpose. Some works, well handled and conclusive, contrast oddly with others dominated by the decorative and superficial. A good, intensely expressive fragment will unexpectedly be part of a triptych in which the other two parts do not correspond to it emotionally or even technically. Guayasamín has not dated his paintings, and this leads to confusion as to the sort of work he is doing now. Anyone who has seen his previous work, for example, will recognize that in triptych number 13, the *Mestizo Theme*, the "Old Woman" has nothing in common stylistically with the "Head of a Man" and "Old Man" with which it is very arbitrarily grouped. Similarly, another "Old Woman," in number 14, seems to date from a much earlier period than the rest. The *Negro Theme* is a group of uneven quality, done with an urgency that suggests a determination to cover a quantity of canvas at whatever cost. On the other hand it must also be stated that in his *Mestizo Theme* and *Indian Theme* he has done some of his best work, particularly in the excellent "View of Quito." It is a pity that Guayasamín has attempted too ambitious a task, for with all the abundance of work displayed in it, the portfolio gives little idea of this youthful master's undeniable ability and competence.—*José Gómez-Sicre*

LASAR SEGALL, by P. M. Bardi. São Paulo, Museu de Arte, 1952. 200 p. Illus.

RAQUEL FORNER, by Joan Merli. Buenos Aires, Editorial Poseidón, 1952. 64 p. Illus.

HUACAYÑAN: EL CAMINO DEL LLANTO. Offering by Benjamín Carrión, in Spanish and English, and 105 illustrations on separate sheets. Quito, Editorial Casa de la Cultura Ecuatoriana, 1953.

BOOK NOTES

LA SALA DE ESPERA, by Eduardo Mallea. Buenos Aires, Editorial Sudamericana, 1953. 225 p.

As he himself states in an introductory note, the well-known Argentine novelist Eduardo Mallea wrote this book "as a mere exercise, quite apart from [my] work in the field of the novel, which has different preoccupations and different characteristics. . . ." Precisely because this is such a different book, it might be well to explain, again in the author's own words, that "accidental as it may seem, the rhythm [of the narrative] is deliberate and . . . tries to capture the monotonous, recurring, and single-purpose thinking process of the inner monologue, so different from the variety and freedom of the spoken language." Monotonous, yes—and this is the book's biggest fault, the inevitable impression it leaves not only because of the technique used but because of the tragic tone pervading it from beginning to end. The stories, focused in turn on seven characters who, by pure chance, are brought together in the waiting room of a railroad station on the Argentine pampa, are seven separate and complete tragedies. Each would make a lovely tango, in the best tradition of the genre. But the book is not without its good qualities. Interest is maintained in some of the stories through Mallea's expert use of certain elements—suspense, for instance, and that instinct which has interested the human race since Adam and Eve. A statement on the book jacket says the work expresses "the human need for the absolute, whether in a delusion of total happiness or in expiation." The lasting impression, however, is that this collection of neurotics would be better off in a psychiatrist's waiting room.



MEDIO SIGLO DE LITERATURA CUBANA, by Salvador Bueno. Havana, Publicaciones de la Comisión Nacional Cubana de la Unesco, 1953. 234 p.

In this volume Salvador Bueno, a critic of deserved fame, has collected a series of his essays on contemporary Cuban literature written during recent years for the purpose of evaluating and making known the outstanding works of the fifty years since the country achieved independence. Some of these studies have appeared in national and foreign magazines, others were delivered as lectures at various Havana cultural institutions. Bueno analyzes the trends that at one time or another have prevailed in Cuban poetry during this century, pays special attention to the study of narrative literature, and devotes an important chapter to his views on the techniques of criticism and of the essay. Nor does he overlook the theater, on which his judgments are calm and dispassionate. The book concludes with a "Biographical and Critical Sketch of a Story-teller." The "story-teller" is Lino Novás Calvo, in whose work, he says, "we find the strictest and most finely wrought form combined with anecdote, problems, and the Cuban people, brought together by the delicate, skilled hand of a true creator."

EMBASSY ROW



Dr. Antonio Facio, Ambassador of Costa Rica to the United States and OAS, is a surgeon by profession. A graduate in 1912 of the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, he is a fellow of the American College of International Surgeons, the Peruvian Academy of Surgery, and the European Academy of Surgery. He has founded several hospitals, and in 1936 organized a radio campaign to raise funds to establish a hospital for tuberculous children. Since entering the diplomatic service in 1951, he has been Ambassador to Spain, France, Italy, and England.



Ramón, Rodrigo, and Mrs. Facio, who says she is interested in gardening, "but only after my nine grandchildren."



The Facios have been in Washington since January. Ambassador Facio, an enthusiastic amateur architect, likes the unpretentious embassy because "it represents exactly what my country is: modest but honorable." He designed the house for his hacienda, "Aucanacua," where he raises prize cattle; the Country Club and its surrounding gardens, in San José; and the Spanish embassy there. Mrs. Facio, the former Cristina Castro, is the granddaughter of José María Castro, first President of Costa Rica when it became an independent republic in 1848 after the collapse of the various attempts at Central American union.



Cecilia Victoria, Ana Cristina, and Rodrigo explore the embassy garden. One-year-old Jorge Trejos missed having his picture taken because it was time for his nap.

In April, the Facios' two married daughters came to Washington for a visit, bringing their children. Mrs. Cristina de Aguilar (left), who spent five years at Mount St. Joseph Academy in Philadelphia, is the mother of fourteen-year-old Ramón and seven-year-old Ana Cristina (in front of Ramón). Rodrigo, five, and Cecilia Victoria, eight, are the children of Mrs. Cecilia de Trejos (second from left).



TENTH CONFERENCE REPORT

(Continued from page 5)

American conferences, the chiefs of delegation fixed their countries' position on the major items of the agenda. Thus it was clear from the first that despite certain vague expectations, there would be no proposal for collective action against a given American nation or a given political regime. It was also clear that, unlike the great international meetings that divide themselves automatically into irreconcilable blocs, the Conference was an assembly of friends. The utmost courtesy always preceded differences of opinion, accompanied ideological disputes, stamped the final agreement. Not hypocritical courtesy but a sincere reflection of a friendly spirit among peoples that respect and esteem one another, whatever their accidental differences or the position their governments assumed on particular issues. Some reporters—there were a hundred or so of them, assiduously seeking dramatic interest in a conference dealing mostly with topics of a technical nature—have obviously exaggerated whatever incidents, few in number and without serious consequences, occurred during the long deliberations. But the truth is that at this, perhaps more than at other inter-American conferences, a spirit of fraternity between states and friendship between their representatives prevailed. Many times the expression "members of the American family" was used. And the impression of the foreign observers was that it was used in all accuracy. "It seems like a national parliament," they said of the Conference, "not an international assembly." There actually were some characteristics of a congress composed of citizens of a single country. The aims were the same, and national interests came up only when they might be considered common to a group of states. Moreover, personally—and after all it was a gathering of persons—all were old friends. With rare exceptions, a longtime conference-goer saw no new faces at Caracas.

The big topics of the Conference, not necessarily subject to the divisions of the program, tended of necessity to political definitions.

For example, the Conference had to decide whether, assuming that a political regime dominated by international communism had been established in America, the situation would call for collective action, and what kind. At the same time, it had to decide the boundary between this action and the inviolable and fundamental principle of the Organization—nonintervention. All this in the abstract, for no one was recommending or requesting concrete or immediate action. Resolution XCIII, the Declaration of Solidarity for the Preservation of the Political Integrity of the American States Against International Communist Intervention, together with the Declaration of Caracas or by itself, resolved the difficult problem. It is agreed that "the domination or control of the political institutions of any American State by the international communist movement extending to this hemisphere the political system of an extracontinental power, would constitute a threat to the sovereignty and political independence of the American States, endangering the peace of America, and would call for a meeting of con-



Mrs. Cecilia de Remón (seated), Chairman of Committee on Social Matters and wife of President of Panama, with committee members: standing, left, Rafael Urquía of El Salvador and Mexican Foreign Secretary Luis Padilla Nervo; seated, right, José R. Chiriboga, Ecuadorean Ambassador to the United States and OAS, and OAS Ambassador Jacques François of Haiti

sultation to consider the adoption of appropriate action in accordance with existing treaties." But it is also pointed out that "this declaration of foreign policy made by the American republics in relation to dangers originating outside this hemisphere is designed to protect and not to impair the inalienable right of each American State freely to choose its own form of government and economic system and to live its own social and cultural life."

But it is not the actual words of Resolution XCIII that give the full significance of the action taken at Caracas, but the debate concerning them. This made it plain that the American states put above every other consideration the right of each to govern itself in its own way, without intervention from outside. If this intervention comes from international communism, they condemn it. But they also condemn any improper intervention attempted with this as a pretext, and they subject collective action, which they consider the logical consequence of agreements antedating Caracas, to the decision of a Meeting of Consultation, the only guarantee that the principle of non-intervention will not be impaired. It is also apparent from the discussion that there is no generalized conviction that the hypothetical conditions contemplated in the Declaration have been produced or are now taking shape, but that, should they exist at any time or in any circumstances, the member states would not hesitate to oppose with a barrier of solidarity any attempt at imperialism from outside the Hemisphere operating

Conference officials: Secretary General Ernesto Vallenilla, President Otáñez, Assistant Secretary General Víctor Montoya

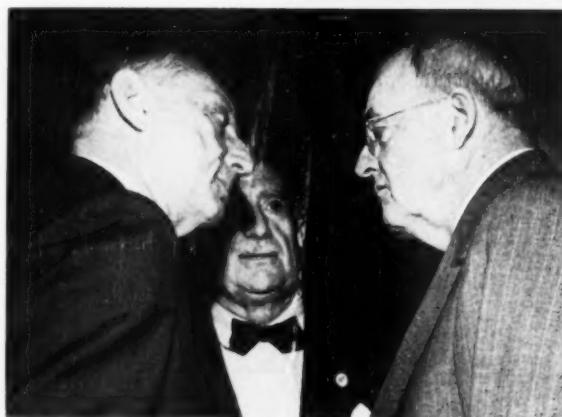


through international communism. True, all this was contained in the treaties and resolutions adopted before the Caracas meeting, and one could object that their repetition was useless. Pan Americanism, however, is a repetition, a constant reiteration. Therein lies its strength. The great facts and principles of Pan Americanism were not produced or consecrated in any other way.

The usefulness of the Inter-American Conference is not necessarily connected with the number or the quality of the resolutions that are adopted. It resides principally in the periodic examination of the state of relations among the member states provided by the Conference. The disputed points, scrupulously studied by each of the delegations, are often merely the pretext for establishing the basis of a general understanding, which is not always faithfully interpreted by the wording of the motions. A wise and experienced diplomat—and all the delegation chiefs were that—derives enormous benefit from a meeting in which sincerity of expression prevails and there is no compulsion by the great powers, which at other international gatherings provokes a battle of sterile recriminations, wearily repeated in the most diverse tongues. Neither is the vote necessarily the final expression of disagreement when unanimity is not achieved, as happened in Caracas, for example, in various motions on economic relations. In them were expressed the aspirations of nineteen nations on the treatment to be hoped for from the twentieth, the United States, with regard to the terms of their commercial interchange, and on not a few occasions the latter nation had to abstain or vote against. But at the end of the voting on that group of resolutions, the Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, Mr. Henry Holland, gave an interpretation of what had happened that clearly implies that the debate has barely begun and that agreement is not only possible but has even been facilitated by the clear presentation of contrary points of view. A new meeting, of a strictly technical character, with the attendance of the ministers of finance and economics, will take place in Rio de Janeiro at the end of the year. By then, the U. S. Government hopes to have studied bilaterally many of the concrete problems discussed at Caracas and to have examined points adopted by the nineteen Latin American nations, in order to reach an understanding.

There are some who despair at these slow and complicated methods of discussion, in this postponement of the final decision, in this constant reconsidering at new meetings. They are the people who look upon international assemblies as if they were a sports event. For them, there must always be a winner, and, necessarily, one or more losers. There must be an irrevocable decision. There must be a battle and a victory, which can be transmitted by the news agencies without any comment, without reservations or subjective evaluation. But in the inter-American system it happens that whatever the decisions, the votes, the victories, or the defeats may be, the twenty-one countries that form the Organization must go on living together in the same hemisphere, negotiating among themselves on good or bad terms, and inevitably as neighbors. Because of that, nothing is definitive

John Moors Cabot, outgoing U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, enjoys a joke with his successor, Henry F. Holland



Two Peruvian delegates—Foreign Minister Ricardo Rivera Schreiber, delegation chairman, and Víctor Andrés Belaúnde—go into a huddle with U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles



OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla of Mexico impresses a point on Venezuelan Foreign Minister Aureliano Otáñez, President of the Conference

if it is not a unanimous, total agreement, often reached after five years of discussion and reciprocal persuasion. In the economic field, for example, it is simply nonsense to claim that the industrialized states were defeated by the producers of raw materials because certain resolutions were approved that set forth, as is natural, the point of view of the raw-material producers, who were in the

majority. The defeat, if any existed, was for all the American states, who did not come to an accord on these matters; and there will only be real victory when the economic relations of the Hemisphere are as solidly established and are as reciprocally profitable as are their political relations today. But the debate was useful, highly useful. Never did the Latin American countries understand the position of the United States and its present limitations better than at Caracas; and, on the other side, the United States had a frank, simple, and impressive vision of Latin American reality and of the problems of that section of the world, which, from a strictly economic

point of view, is vital for its industrial power and for its own international security. That the Caracas Conference was important will best be borne out by the meeting of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council at Rio de Janeiro. The understandings arrived at there will not have been achieved without the disagreements at Caracas.

The inter-American system, or, more concretely, the Organization of American States, was fortified at Caracas. Its weaknesses were repaired and firm measures taken to buttress it. Unlike what happened at other conferences, the task of resolving those questions that had not yet matured sufficiently for an immediate decision was not left to the next, another five years hence. Instead, the Council of the Organization was granted authority to study, even to take a decision in matters requiring prompt action. The Council, for example, will be in a position to reorganize, in concrete terms, the Inter-American Economic and Social Council and convert it into the efficient tool for coordinating the Hemisphere economy that the Charter meant it to be. In the same way, the statute of the Inter-American Peace Committee will be prescribed by the Council, thus formally incorporating that meritorious organ, with its brilliant history of solving inter-American conflicts, into the Organization. The Council, for its part, now has a clearly defined area of activity, which had been limited and shrinking since the question of its competency was raised some time ago—a problem that only the supreme authority of the Organization could resolve. It also has concrete orders to carry out the necessary studies and consultations with the governments for the measured and serious solution of matters as grave as the possible amendment of the 1948 American Treaty on Pacific Settlement or the creation of an Inter-American Court of Justice. Not for many years has the Council had such a grave responsibility or such a complex task, and it appears that now the governments will take special care in maintaining a representation that can dedicate most of its time to work that will necessarily be greatly intensified.

It is extremely difficult to summarize the results of the Caracas Conference or to express an all-encompassing opinion about it. You can say that it was fundamentally a political conference and that for this very reason its decisions are not as important as the proposals offered. You can say, without room for doubt, that in the opinion of all the delegates, the Organization has been strengthened by this meeting of its supreme authority. You can say that today the American States have more confidence in their Organization than they carried to Caracas. You can say that bases were laid down for the future development of inter-American relations, with bolder opportunities. You can say that the Conference wielded extraordinary influence throughout the Hemisphere and helped, through the moral compulsion of the system, to resolve old disputes and differences that muddled the peaceful panorama of the continent. And that no government went away embittered, skeptical, confused, or pessimistic about the future of this part of the world or about the state of its own relations with the rest of the countries of America. ♦ ♦ ♦



UN party: Assistant Secretary General Benjamin Cohen; Alfonso Santa Cruz, director of ECLA; Gustavo Martínez Cabañas, deputy chief of technical assistance; Guillermo Francovich, director of UNESCO Havana Center; Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld



Flags of participating nations at edge of University City, site of the Conference

STEEL FOR COLOMBIA

(Continued from page 11)

farmed by small landowners; the rest worked in the coal and ore mine areas of Paz de Río. The World Bank Mission had raised the question of finding skilled labor for the project, but advance planning and well-organized training programs helped to overcome this problem. The company has trained youngsters from the local Indian farming population at a school under a McKee Company welding superintendent and Colombian supervisors. Their work and output were found equal to those of imported operators. Most of the masons at work at that time were French specialists, but they were training Colombians.



Assembling and riveting structural forms to make columns for blast furnace casting room

Below: View of the blast-furnace plant. Welders in foreground are working on gas storage tank

Some of the carpenters and construction men came from the Bogotá area and other parts of Colombia. To house them a whole village had grown up around the little Belencito church.

As far as my work was concerned, the weather was just as cooperative as the workers. I arrived just after the July rains, and the climate in the mountains seemed springlike. Often if it was raining at Paz de Río, I could move the few miles over to Belencito with my cameras and find the sun shining brightly there.

The technical problems posed by this high altitude are many. A visitor, unused to the thin air, finds it difficult at first to keep up with the planners and workmen, who have adjusted to the height. The drop from the plant site at the top of the world down to the port in one quick trip is particularly breathtaking.

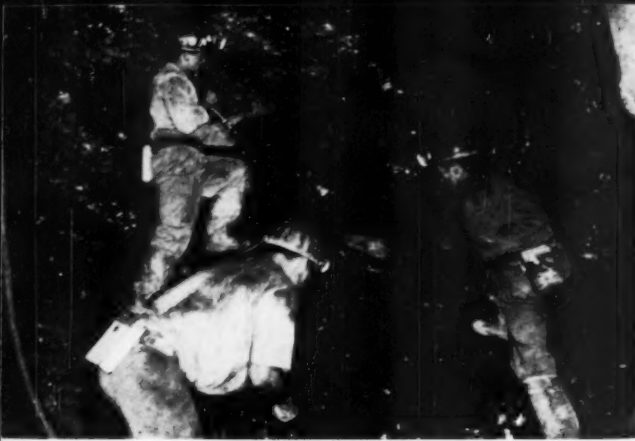
Recreation in the evening often consisted of chess. I also took occasional side trips, and particularly enjoyed the old-fashioned river town of Puerto Berrio.

At Paz de Río the raw materials of progress are being worked into a master plan for Colombia and its people. Will it be worth the effort and the cost? Only time will tell, but meanwhile, here is the attitude of those at work on it, people who are showing that a difficult challenge is being met efficiently and successfully.

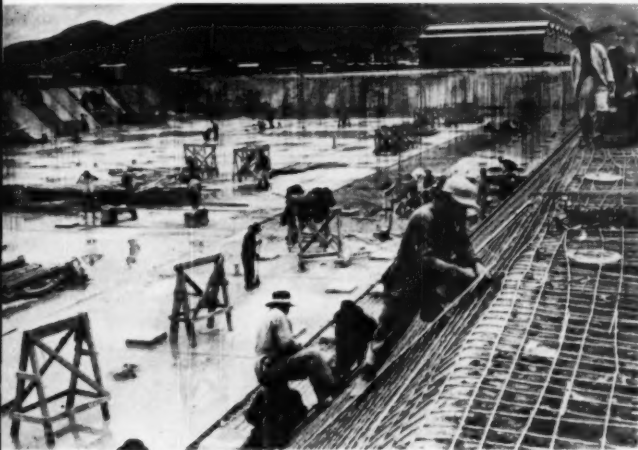
Paz de Río, they say, is much more than just a steel plant. It is also a new port, a new railroad, a better highway, a big electric plant, new bridges, and other services for the country.

The same people who five years ago were opposed to Colombians' making their own steel are now advising them to place their orders for steel six to eight months in





Locally recruited coal miners at La Chapa work under direction of German engineers, using machinery made in U.S.A.



Installing steel reinforcing rods for concrete walls of spray tank to cool red-hot steel

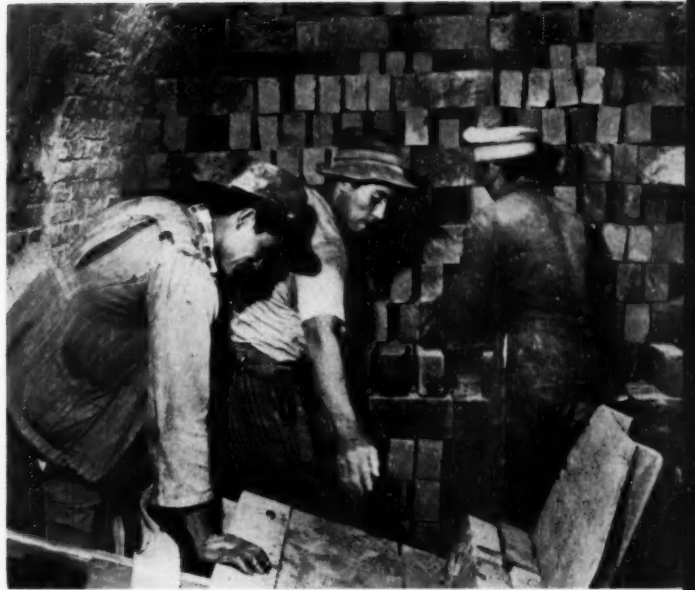
advance because of current U.S. shortages. (The uncertainty of the U.S. steel supply during critical times is a major factor supporting Colombian national steel production.) Orders have already been taken at Paz de Río for rails for the Colombian railroads and contracts have been made for structural materials for Magdalena River bridges.

The plant is situated in Boyacá Department, one of the poorest areas economically in Colombia. At capacity it should employ between 2,500 and 4,500 workers. It is already giving security to a large group of previously impoverished people, and the skills they are learning there are likely to spread throughout the land. Living conditions at the plant are typical of the major improvements made by the company in the area.

The picturesque Indian sitting quietly in his hand-woven *ruana* while his wife weaves nearby will be a part of the Colombian scene for a long time to come. But I am convinced that when the steel plant reaches its long-term production goal, the people will know a better, more comfortable life in a stronger and more modern country.

A few miles west of Paz de Río is the highway linking the Venezuelan capital with Bogotá. One of these days international motorists will see the glowing fires of Colombia's Pittsburgh, the Paz de Río monument in steel to the vision and industry of her people. ♦ ♦ ♦

Plaza, convent, and church remain as they were before steel came to peaceful Belencito



Plant has its own brick factory to manufacture building materials on the spot



Limestone crushing plant and storage bins. At present, output of limestone mine is used in concrete and agricultural lime



CONTRIBUTORS

"Tenth Conference Report," by ALBERTO LLERAS, holds special significance for AMERICAS and its readers, because it was at Caracas that the author announced his resignation as Secretary General of the Organization of American States. Upon assuming his post seven years ago, Dr. Lleras brought from Colombia a wealth of experience as President of the Republic, President of the Chamber of Deputies, Minister of the Interior, Senator, Ambassador to the United States, and Foreign Minister. He had also attained eminence in journalism as the founder of the Bogotá daily *El Liberal* and the lively newsweekly *Semana*. AMERICAS hopes that he will continue to contribute to these pages from Colombia. Dr. Lleras has been invited to become rector of the University of the Andes (see November 1952 AMERICAS) upon his return home.



BETTY J. MEGGERS, who wrote "Civilizations on Parade," has more than a casual interest in the modernized exhibits of Latin American archeology at the United States National Museum, which were opened to the public on Pan American Day, April 14. Her husband, Dr. Clifford Evans, Jr., Associate Curator of Archeology there, directed the work, together with John Anglim, exhibits specialist on the museum staff, who handled the art layout and installation. Dr. Meggers served as scientific consultant to the project. She has been contributing her services to the USNM ever since she was a high school student on summer vacation. Today she is a professional archeologist with a Ph.D. from Columbia and degrees from Michigan and the University of Pennsylvania. She has also been on two field trips with her husband to the tropical forest area of South America.



Discovery of the frozen remains of the ten-year-old Inca child in the Chilean Andes caused a lot of comment in the U.S. press. As the *New York Times* remarked editorially: "The figure could so easily be that of an American, . . . fallen asleep in a corner shortly before suppertime. Or, again, it could be the familiar image of the terror-weary child orphaned in a London air raid. . . . Scientists feel that important discoveries may come from the find. . . . For the layman, too, there is the discovery that a child chilled and likely hungry and tired is the same the world and calendar around." In response to AMERICAS' cabled query about the child, Chilean JULIO LANZAROTTI sent us "The Little Prince." The thirty-four-year-old author is now director of the Santiago weekly magazine *Ercilla*, which he joined as a reporter.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.



On a photographic mission to South America for a commercial airline, LEE SALSBERY of Washington, D.C., first heard about the mountain steel plant that he writes about in "Steel for Colombia" when he arrived in Bogotá. A native of Cherokee, Iowa, he has been associated with photography from birth; his father was a photo finisher in Sioux City. Today Mr. Salsbery heads one of the largest commercial studios in the Washington area. Fascinated with the photographic potentialities of Latin America, he will be making regular trips there in the future. Next assignment: Cuba.



The wide background of MANUEL ROJAS has inspired a number of the successful short stories of which "Gold in the South" is an example. Born in Argentina of Chilean parents, Mr. Rojas has been at one time or another a painter, boatman, prompter, linotypist, and journalist. When he took up residence in Chile, he started out writing poetry and went on to the short story and the novel. A tall, quiet man and a hard worker, Mr. Rojas, now director of the Annals of the University of Chile, has traveled extensively through Latin America. In 1951 he visited the United States. He has published a book of verse, several volumes of short stories, two novels, a book of essays, and a biography. The delightful illustrations for Mr. Rojas' story are the work of JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS, one of Mexico's foremost young artists.



Austrian-born LILO LINKE, who wrote "Small Artists of Ecuador," enjoys a unique position as a journalist in her adopted city, Quito. For the past three and a half years, she has been the only woman on the staff of the city's two largest newspapers. She is also a member of the executive board of the National Journalists Union. To her job she brings an intimate knowledge of the South American West Coast countries from Panama to Peru and also of Mexico and Bolivia. "My main interest," she says, "has always been to observe and describe the life and conditions of 'the man in the street.'" She is the author of eight books, mainly travel stories.

In the book section, an answer to "How Good Is a Translation?" comes from Chilean FERNANDO ALEGRIA, who teaches Spanish literature at the University of California in Berkeley. JOSÉ GÓMEZ-SICRE, chief of the PAU visual-arts section, discusses *Lasar Segall* by P. M. Bardi; *Raquel Forner*, by Joan Merli; and an album of paintings by Oswaldo Guayasamin.

KNOW YOUR ECUADOREAN NEIGHBORS?

Answers to Quiz on page 27



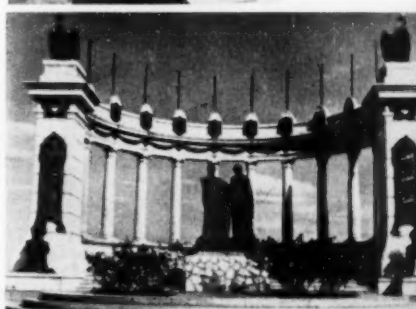
1. Member of Indian tribe inhabiting remote jungles of eastern Ecuador and famous for practice of shrinking enemies' heads by secret process. Is he a Jívaro or an Igorot?

2. Otavalo woman and child. Are these people, who live in a beautiful, fertile valley north of Quito, known for their skillful weaving, pottery-making, carving, or metal work?



3. Beach at Ecuador's leading seaside resort, located on the Santa Elena Peninsula. Is it Salinas, Riobamba, Mazatlán, or Buenaventura?

4. Hemicycle in Guayaquil commemorates historic meeting there in 1822 of South America's two great liberators, one from the north, the other from the south. After friendly disagreement they parted, never to meet again. Who were they?



5. Observatory at Quito, approximately sixteen miles south of the Equator, for which country is named. Would you say that astronomers there see more or less of the sky during the course of the year than those in far northern and southern latitudes?

6. Wood grown chiefly in Los Ríos Province is used in aircraft manufacture. For his Kon-Tiki expedition, Thor Heyerdahl used it for raft construction as did the Incas before him. What is it?



7. South America's most famous tennis player works out at the Tennis Club in his home town, Guayaquil. Is he Vic Seixas, Pancho Gonzales, Pancho Segura, or Billy Talbert?

8. Stages in the conversion of a nut, one of Ecuador's important agricultural products, into buttons. Sometimes called vegetable ivory, is it kapok, tagua, cashew, or cinchona?



9. Montecristi, Jipijapa, and Cuenca are towns where the finest — hats, actually Ecuadorean products but bearing the name of a nearby republic, are woven. Fill in the blank.

10. Highest mountain in Ecuador, one of loftiest in the Hemisphere. Is it McKinley, Aconcagua, Popocatepetl, or Chimborazo?



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MAIL TO THE INDIANS!

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the most enlightening number of AMERICAS I have ever read—the Indian number. Each of our senators, representatives, and members of the State Department should read it, as well as every U.S. citizen. We then might understand the problem and make progress in saving the best of the Indians' culture and assisting them in understanding the best of ours. . . .

Eva Cutright, M.D.
Wooster, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you for the magnificent issue of AMERICAS on the Indian people. Not only the choice of the articles but the high human considerations contained in them makes the whole issue a unique document of which you should be justly proud.

Robert Boissiere
Burlingame, California

ARGENTINE CONTEST

Dear Sirs:

The "El Libro" Argentine Cultural Association would appreciate your giving publicity to a literary competition we are conducting to select the lyrics for a *Hymn to the Book*. Anyone in the Western Hemisphere is eligible to win prizes worth five thousand Argentine pesos (about \$150), including a copy of the Jackson Encyclopedia and a cash award of three thousand pesos. For further details, please write to: Señor Presidente de "El Libro" Asociación Cultural Argentina, Certamen Literario, Perú 127, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Fidel Rodríguez
Buenos Aires, Argentina

DOWN WITH TRAVEL BARRIERS

Dear Sirs:

I congratulate you for your travel issue, which confirms my long-felt desire to see an Inter-American Tourist Card created to permit us to move freely among our countries without loss of time, money, or patience. It seems to me ridiculous that countries like Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, and Panama, for example, which were formerly one territory, now require four different sets of documents for traveling from one to another.

Oscar Mejía M.
Cali, Colombia

ANOTHER PHOTO CONTEST?

Dear Sirs:

I am sorry that it was impossible for this Binational Centre to take part in AMERICAS' photo contest. We were moving into new quarters and it was impossible to organize properly for participation. However, if such a contest is to be conducted in 1954, we will try to interest the photo shops and clubs in Guatemala in cooperating with the Institute in taking part.

John J. Ewing, Director
Instituto Guatemalteco-Americano
Guatemala City, Guatemala

As Mr. Alig points out in his article on page 24, AMERICAS would appreciate hearing from all readers interested in another contest.

FOR TREE DWELLERS ONLY

Dear Sirs:

I was much intrigued by the description of Scott Seegers' tree house in the contributors' page of your January issue. Is it part of a policy to frustrate the reader by describing such a structure and, in the photograph purporting to illustrate it, cut out all of the house except the area upon which two small boys are standing? I should like to know more of this house. Is it really in a tree? The only part of a tree showing in the photograph is a few



leaves and twigs. How big is the house? Does it have windows, doors, a roof? Are there services, such as water and electricity? Of what materials is it built? Was it built upon the ground and then lifted into the tree, or was it joined, piece by piece, among the branches?

My reason for so many questions is that my house (upon the ground) is very small and my family is very large. I have in my garden a large tree, and perhaps this is the solution. Thank you.

Abelardo Ortiz
Los Angeles, California

For the information of would-be tree-dwellers: The house is in a large and spreading hackberry tree. It has one room about six by eight feet, and is the only tree house in Fairfax County with a porch and picture window. Electricity is provided by an extension cord from the Seegers' home. Water must be carried. The author fashioned his nest (not on the ground, but amid the branches) out of redwood siding (no painting or maintenance necessary), using for rafters structural pieces he beachcombed. Copper screening (again no maintenance) is used extensively, while the roof consists of roofing paper applied on a base of plywood. Total cost: about fifty or sixty dollars.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name.

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